

THE ATHENÆUM

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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.]

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—
FACULTY OF MEDICINE.—Session 1849-50.—The CLASSES will COMMENCE on the 1st of October, when Professor WALSH will deliver an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 3

CLASSES in the order in which Lectures are delivered during the day.

ANATOMY.—Professor Quain and Professor Ellis.

ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY.—Professor Sharpey, M.D.

CHEMISTRY.—Professor Graham.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.—Professor Grant, M.D.

SURGERY.—Professor Murphy, M.D.

PHYSICAL ANATOMY.—The Pupils will be directed in their

studies during several hours daily by Professor Ellis, and Mr. WALSH.

MATHEMATICAL CHEMISTRY.—Professor A. W. Williamson, F.R.S., 4 p.m.

SUMMER TERM.

The following subjects will be taught during the Summer Term:—

ANATOMY.—Dr. Lindley and Dr. Murphy.

PATHOLOGICAL ANATOMY.—Dr. Jenner.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY and ZOOLOGY.—Dr. Grant.

PHYSICAL ANATOMY.—Dr. Carpenter.

PRactical CHEMISTRY.—Mr. Williamson.

MATERIA MEDICA.—Professorship vacant.

Hospital Practice daily throughout the year:—

Physicians.—Dr. Walsh, Dr. Parker.

Assistant-Physician.—Dr. Garrod.

Obstetric Physician.—Dr. Murphy.

Surgeon.—Mr. Arnott, Mr. Gunby, Mr. Morton.

Assistant-Surgeons.—Mr. Erichsen, Mr. Marshall.

Dental Surgeon.—Mr. Durand, George.

MATHEMATICAL CLINICAL LECTURES, by Dr. Walsh, also by Dr. Parkes, Professor of Clinical Medicine, whose special duty it is to train the Pupils in the practical study of Medicine at the bedside, will be delivered at the College, in a series of lessons, and examinations on the clinical phenomena and diagnosis of disease to classes consisting of limited number, and meeting at separate hours.

PRactical CLINICAL LECTURES, by Mr. Arnott, and specially by

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Alkali works, effects of, on trees
Bees, swarming of, by Count de Roulez
Card's (Mr.) pamphlet
Cattails, horticultural
Calendar, agricultural
Campanulas
Cape bull's, culture of
Diarrhoea, new cure for
Diseases of plants, by Count Philipps
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Drying machine
Farm accounts
Farming, practice with science
in, by Col. Rawstone
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REVIEWS

Louis Kossuth and the Recent History of Hungary—[*Ludwig Kossuth, &c.*] Edited by Arthur Frey. Vol. I. Mannheim, Grothe; London, Williams & Norgate.

At a time when every eye is eagerly turned in the direction of Hungary, and when the accounts from the Danube and the Theiss, however varying and contradictory, leave no doubt of the heroism with which a struggle for national independence, second to few that history has loved to record, has been maintained in that region, against the combined powers of two great empires,—at such a moment, we say, whatever promises us a nearer view of any of the actors in this exciting scene must be eagerly welcomed. The name of Kossuth, which has been borne over all Europe as chosen "Defender" of the Magyar cause, is a passport for any work professing to tell us something of a man so greatly and suddenly distinguished;—and the volume now before us will be taken up with avidity, on the strength of its title alone. We cannot say that the expectations with which we opened the book have been satisfied, nor that its perusal has given us much pleasure. The ostensible editor, who has compiled it with the assistance of "Hungarian and Austrian writers," speaks in a tone little calculated to induce a temperate reader to place much confidence in his statements of fact, still less in the truth of the colours in which they are set forth. The spirit of the work is more than republican: it breathes the hottest aspirations of a party—but lately supreme in the place from whence the book was issued—that worship "revolution" as something like a divine process; regarding it as an end of itself,—not as a means deplorable even when necessary to those objects which are precious enough to be well purchased at this terrible price. One of this temper, it is clear, is not the painter whom even liberal judges would choose to delineate any eminent character suited to command by political commotions, to explain the development of its powers, or to detail the transactions with which its influence has been identified. In the absence of a better authority, however, we must try to glean from Herr Frey's compilation such particulars of his hero as seem like matter of fact, or may be gathered from words or writings of Kossuth himself quoted in these pages; while in those details or summaries which belong to the general history of the Hungarian cause, an attempt must be made to interpret the vehement language of the narrative,—by the aid of such documents as appear, and of whatever external aids can be procured at the moment,—so as to present some outline of the contest between the Magyars and their opponents, divested of the ultra colouring used in the present narrative.

The volume does not bring the story down beyond the verge of the Revolution:—the events of which are reserved for a second volume. The first, ending with the invasion of Hungary Proper by Jellachich in September 1848, opens with some notices of the life of Kossuth before he began to shine in public affairs; from which period his history is identified with that of his country. The latter has evidently been compiled by Herr Frey in haste as well as in heat; and taken, without much order or proportion, from reports of the Pesth National Assembly, from newspaper articles, and from anonymous correspondence,—so rudely put together as to produce a confused and perplexing effect. We must try to compress into a few columns the substance of what is here to be learnt of Kossuth himself, and some of the cardinal events on which that determination of the Hungarian nation turned,

the results of which have been electrifying Europe.

Louis (Lajos) Kossuth was born in 1806, of indigent parents, in a village in the county of Zemplin, in North Hungary. According to Frey's account, he is not of true Magyar blood; his father being described as a "Slovack noble,"* although so poor as to depend for his subsistence on manual labour. The family were Protestants; and it was to a minister of this religion, in an adjacent village, that young Kossuth owed his first education. The boy, we are told, attracted the pastor's notice when conversing with him, by showing "acute intelligence and a clear open understanding." Of his early years we hear little that can be safely relied on. It is said, on the authority of "communications from some of his friends and comrades," that he "despised the company of the other children of the village," and loved to spend his hours in solitary musings on the banks of the murmuring Ondava. However this may have been, such dreams could not have lasted long. His teacher was called away to a distant cure; both his parents were carried off by a pestilence that ravaged the country; and the orphan boy had to seek his further support from some distant relatives. By their means he was placed in the Gymnasium of a neighbouring town; where, we are told, he devoted himself with ardour and success to studies, particularly of history,—and of this to the Hungarian beyond all others. The pride of his teachers, the first in his class, he neglected the sports of his age for solitary researches into the past; but when with his schoolmates, he gave early proof of the eloquence which was one day to echo throughout an entire nation. In 1826, Kossuth, eighteen years old, "feeling himself already big and strong enough to maintain himself," left school for the University of Pesth. In "the excesses for which the Magyar students were notorious" he took no part,—but laboured hard at his chosen study of law; his leisure being still given to the favourite pursuit of history,—which now led him to investigate the political constitutions of Europe, especially of France and of England. His subsistence the while was probably earned by assisting richer students. "In oppressive poverty," says Frey, "in the severest need," Kossuth passed the fairest season of his life. It was no bad training for the future leader of a nation to have been, however sternly, taught in the first place to control himself.

After some years of this discipline, during which Kossuth became "a dexterous and thoroughly accomplished notary," his diligence was rewarded by an appointment that launched him at once into public life. Invited by "several deputies," he proceeded to Presburg, then the seat of the Diet, to assist in reducing to legal form the business committed to them by their constituents. The date of this engagement is not given; but it must have been some time—probably three or four years—before 1835; nor are we told how the student became connected with the members who gave him this office. The fact itself, however, proves that Kossuth while at the University must have made himself already known beyond its lecture-rooms as a youth of capacity and promise, through some relations not quite consistent with the recluse life described by the writer of the memoir. The emoluments of his charge "at once secured him the means of prosecuting his favourite studies with sufficient leisure; while at the same time the business intrusted to him and the correspondence belonging to it were carried

on with the utmost punctuality and diligence." From this employment Kossuth derived a two-fold advantage:—he became, in the first place, known and trusted by the people, through his charge of preparing the reports rendered by the deputies to their constituents,—and in the second place, he acquired in it a thorough acquaintance with the different parties in the sovereign Diet of Hungary.

In this post, while satisfying his patrons, he rapidly gained the acquaintance and confidence of other members. This appears from the new employment in which we find him engaged not long after his arrival at Presburg. The usual newspapers being forbidden to print the transactions of the Diet in detail, the opposition members effected their publication to a certain extent by getting written reports lithographed; and these copies, circulated as private letters, escaped the mutilation of the censor. It was now determined to give to this private news-letter all the features of a regular journal, in which the business of the Assembly should be not only reported but commented upon: and Kossuth was chosen for its editor. "With a courageous freedom of tone unheeded until now, Kossuth discussed the proceedings (of the Diet); and the opposition was delighted to have at length obtained an organ through which its principles might be advocated in the presence of the entire nation." The Government of course "attempted as often as possible to confiscate this journal; maintaining that lithographed as well as printed works belonged to the province of the press, and were equally liable to the censorship." After January 1835 it was repeatedly seized, in spite of the protests of the opposition; but it still continued to appear, and found its way to every corner of the land, until the *coup d'état* of February the 6th,—when the Archduke suddenly closed the Diet, and the Government seemed resolved to quell the spirit of opposition by severe and arbitrary measures. Kossuth—who on the close of the Diet had established a new journal, intended to report the proceedings in the local (county) assemblies—came at once into collision with the royal authorities: and having disobeyed their mandate to cease the publication—in reliance on a renewed authority from the committee of the county of Pesth,—he was "seized by soldiers in the night, and thrown into a deep gloomy dungeon in the citadel of Ofen." To the severity of his treatment here is ascribed not only the ill health which we find often afflicting him at a later stage of his career, but also that vow of "hatred and revenge sworn against the House of Hapsburg, to the fulfilment of which the whole of his subsequent life," says Frey, "has been devoted." After an imprisonment of "more than two years," (again we are left to guess the date—which may have been between 1833 and 1839,) he was liberated "at the close of the Diet, in one of those amnesties by which the Government fancies it may win the favour of the people." Hereupon, Kossuth immediately "connected himself with the most determined democrats of Hungary." The fruit of this union was the establishment of the Pesth Journal (*Pesti Hirlap*),—which Frey says he edited "as the organ of the radical party." The newspaper "soon obtained an immense circulation,"—and continued in high repute so long as it was conducted by Kossuth; who, however, resigned the editorship to other hands some time before the year 1845,—when we find him as a speaker in the local assembly of Pesth declaiming in person against the unconstitutional system of the Government. Throughout the two following years we may suppose that Kossuth continued to distinguish

* The Slovaks, of whom it is said there are upwards of 2,000,000, chiefly in the north-east of Hungary, are of Slavonian origin.

himself as a popular orator in these assemblies, and on such other occasions as presented themselves. The memoir is silent respecting this interval; and the next notice of Kossuth which it affords is the important fact of his election in 1847 as one of the two (opposition) deputies returned to the Diet for the county of Pesth, under circumstances of more than usual excitement. The Government, it is said, always unable to prevent the return of liberals in that quarter, hoped to procure at least the election of some one less formidable than Kossuth had now become, by his "fiery impetuosity, the passionate glow of his eloquence, and his unbounded influence with the people." The latter, it is said, compelled the opposition to put him forward, at a time when that party still hesitated at naming a candidate peculiarly obnoxious to the ruling powers. One would like to know something more of the process by which the humbly born orator had thus early grown to be a favourite of the people and a terror to its governors. On this point, again, the memoir says nothing; but we may conjecture that the influence first gained by his pen was afterwards heightened by frequent public use of his powers as a speaker on topics of popular interest. The manner of his return for the district of the capital at all events leaves no doubt as to the position which he had now reached in the public eye, as one of the foremost hopes of the liberal or national party. Kossuth, now in the flower of his age (41), at once took a commanding place among the opposition members of the Diet. "Of this party Prince Louis Batthyany was the leader, and its orator was Kossuth."

Early in 1848 the outbreak of the French Revolution gave the liberals new vigour. It was from Kossuth's lips that the utterance of their hopes and resolutions first electrified the Diet; and it is said that the arrival of the report of this speech at Vienna gave the signal to the popular outbreak in that city:—it is reported in the volume before us. We have admired its eloquence, and what in England would be termed the "parliamentary tact" with which on a dry financial subject—a question touching the credit of the Hungarian Bank—the whole aspirations and demands of the national party are brought into the foreground by the orator. On this occasion, and indeed throughout the whole memoir, the historic eye will be struck with evidences of a change in the nature of the levers that now raise or depress the political fortunes of Europe. New influences, it is clear, are gradually usurping the once decisive authority of the sword. In this motion of Hungary—the land *par excellence* of warlike impulses—we find the prominence of relations and powers that can take root only in peace continually brought to notice. Matters affecting credit, commerce and finance are seen to be quite as important as the motions of armies in the field. They figure among the prime objects to be secured; and with some of these weapons a warfare has been waged between Austria and Hungary not less formidable in effect on the state of both combatants than the shock of hostile troops. The Magyars' armed resistance has been roused by a leader whose panoply is not the soldier's. Everything, in short, even in this struggle the issue of which must depend for the moment on the trial of military powers, evinces the tendency of such forces, once supreme in determining the fortunes of war, to fall into a secondary position hereafter.

From the period at which we have now arrived, the personal career of Kossuth is merged in the fortunes of his country. Before proceeding to seize some features of these, one

may note that Kossuth, when raised to office as we shall presently see him in the Ministry of Finance, came forward at the same time as the editor of a newspaper bearing his own name (*Kossuth Hirlapja*); in which, during an interval of suspense, while the minister often found it needful to temporize in act or to speak with courtly reserve, the journalist indulged himself in a bold expression of his personal opinions and wishes, with a combination of parts—both equally avowed by the actor—which may be described as without a precedent in the political drama. A word on Kossuth's personal appearance, as we find it pourtrayed in the frontispiece to Frey's memoir, will not be unwelcome. The features, strongly marked and masculine, are decidedly handsome; the form of the countenance is oval; a wide forehead and large quick eyes, under a brow gently arched, give the face an expression highly intellectual; the mouth is small,—and the lips, slightly parted, bespeak an eager temperament. The nose, massive and aquiline, springs boldly from between the eyes, and is defined at its base by muscular outlines which with the moulding of the chin, impart a certain tone of firmness to features that would otherwise seem to promise more vivacity than resolution. The face altogether is not unworthy of a distinguished character; and an air of individuality in the portrait induces us to place more reliance on its truth* than we can afford to some of the written sketches in this volume.

Hungary, although its crown has been worn by successive members of the Austrian family since the battle of Mohacz in 1526, has always remained an independent monarchy,—possessing its own constitution, which each succeeding king has been required to ratify by a solemn oath at his coronation. It has been alleged that until recent times the influence of Vienna tended on the whole towards improvements in the state of the nation at large; while the nobles, to whom the constitution gave the chief power, resisted these as invasive of their special privileges. For the last thirty years, however, while a more popular element has evidently been growing up, as well among the aristocracy as by the formation in the towns of something like a middle class—increasing grounds of complaint against Austria have been supplied by the system of the Metternich cabinet in the government of this kingdom—which, although avoiding any open breach of its independence, had the effect of reducing it in reality to the condition of a mere province of the Empire. The imposition on Hungary of the Austrian commercial system has long been one serious grievance of the kind against which the Hungarians have vainly protested; others were the refusal of a special government wholly residing at Pesth,—and the supreme direction of the affairs of the nation at Vienna, thus virtually excluding natives from the chief offices and tending to give the whole civil administration a foreign character. In short, the Hungarians charged Austria with "an obstinate refusal to comply with their just and moderate demands" for various liberal measures and necessary reforms; in refusing which, they alleged, the spirit of the constitution was wilfully suppressed, with a view to the ultimate destruction of the independence of the nation:—and they naturally seized on an occasion that favoured the attainment of hopes long deferred.

They no sooner heard of the Vienna revolt, which closely followed the French Revolution

in February 1848, than they hastened thither to take part in the movement. Kossuth—whose Presburg speech, we have seen, gave the first spark to the explosion—was one of a numerous body of Magyars which a fleet of steamers poured into Vienna on the 15th of March; was rapturously welcomed by the populace,—and immediately made himself conspicuous by haranguing the citizens, imploring them "not to trust too readily to the promises of a Court." The Emperor, already terrified by the outbreak of his Austrian subjects, at once conceded the demands laid before him by the Hungarian deputation. "These were:—1. The formation of a special Hungarian ministry, charged with both the external and internal interests of the nation, its industry and finance, and with the execution of the decrees of the National Assembly—or, in other words, an independent legislative and administrative Hungarian Government. 2. The transfer to Hungary of the administration of the military frontier, hitherto intrusted to the Aulic Council of War at Vienna."

On the return of the Hungarians to Presburg, with the royal assent to these conditions, the Diet was dissolved. A new one, convened at Pesth on the 4th of July, installed a national ministry framed in virtue of the late concession. It was composed of nine of the chief members of the liberal party. Its president was the same Louis Batthyany already described as the head of the opposition;* and Kossuth was in the list as Minister of Finance. "The new ministry," we read, "was the flower of the intellect of the Diet":—"its soul was the Finance Minister, Kossuth."

Although the nation had thus nominally gained its long-desired object, it soon appeared that the difficulties inherent in its connexion with Austria were by no means solved by the victory. Others, raised by the same spirit of popular self-assertion that had won their cause, arose within the limits of the kingdom itself. The Magyar race is not the sole population of Hungary Proper. We have already spoken of the numbers of Slovaks in the north-eastern region. In the provinces annexed to the kingdom, including Slavonia, Croatia, Transylvania, Dalmatia, and the military frontier, the mass of the people is Slavonian. The Magyar proportion altogether is rated at five millions out of an entire population of twelve. In the kingdom of Croatia, especially, motions of so-called Panslavism had long troubled its relations with Hungary,—on questions of the official language, of education, finance, &c. The position of the latter, indeed, towards the Croats was not very unlike that of Austria towards the Magyars. In both cases the supremacy claimed was obnoxious to its objects,—in both the desired end was national independence. The Slavonians now thought the time ripe for enforcing their claims also; while the new Hungarian Government showed a disposition rather to encroach than to concede.

On this chapter Frey's testimony, as *ab hoc*, may be quoted with some confidence.—

Since the time when Hungary had extorted its independent ministry, the bonds that tied the Austrian monarchy together had become so fragile that the slightest touch, the least breath, threatened to dissolve them. Hungary by that act had torn herself loose from the combination formed by the other (Austrian) states; and thereby had made enemies not only of the many champions of the integrity of the Austrian dynasty, but also of the major part of the non-Magyar population of Hungary, and of the Slavonic people of her appurtenant provinces. No wonder, then, that the Slavonic population should have been filled with anxiety and apprehension, while Hungary by degrees proceeded to transform

* Our description, it will be seen, cannot apply to the ugly lithographed portrait of Kossuth now exhibited in the shop windows:—which we hope is no better than a caricature of the features of the "Defender."

* Now a prisoner in the hands of the Austrians.

indefinite into a specific Magyar State,—since, by this change, they must have seen their own nationality menaced. It is true that the Hungarian Ministry at first did take steps which made these apprehensions seem not ill-founded. ** The notion of the Ministry was that it could make all the Hungarians one united people by Magyarizing them. To this end, the Latin language, hitherto employed in all official business, was abolished, and the Hungarian introduced, not only in the courts of justice, but in the schools and the Diet. This proceeding excited hate and bitterness in nearly all the Slavonic inhabitants of Hungary,—who seized on this as a pretext to conceal their plans inimical to liberty under the show of alarm for their nationality.

The line of conduct which thus provoked reaction even in Hungary Proper, was not likely to be more acceptable to her Slavonic dependencies. Revolt soon broke out on the Theiss and Lower Danube. At the head of the Croats stood the Ban Jellachich; and it is mainly to the consequences of their movement—which the Austrian Emperor at first affected to disown as a revolt, but which the Court always secretly and afterwards openly encouraged—that the total rejection of the Hapsburg dynasty by Hungary is to be ascribed. This view of the question will not be found in Frey's memoir. But it appears, we think, clearly enough in all the facts which are here supplied by authentic documents.

The National Assembly, we are told, mainly consisted of three parties:—1st. A section of the aristocracy (Magnates), liberal on the whole, but firmly attached to the Austrian connexion; 2nd. A middle party, including the new Ministry, whose watchword was the entire independence of a free Hungary,—if possible, under an Austrian King, if not under some other sovereign or form of sovereignty; 3rd. An extreme radical or revolutionary party, represented by some thirty members,—the latter almost wholly belonging to the Lower Chamber (or *table*, as it is called).

The second and third of these parties soon came into collision,—on the question of the Hungarian troops serving in Italy, as the "radicals" complained, against popular freedom. The Ministers were not prepared on this point to deny to the King what he was constitutionally entitled to command: and we find Kossuth emphatically pleading against the demand for the recall of these troops; nay, promising on certain conditions to urge the Diet to further reinforcements,—a proceeding that the editor finds it hard to reconcile with the thoroughly revolutionary character or the avowed hatred to Austria which he loves to assign to his hero. He explains his conduct as a feint to gain time for a complete Hungarian revolt; and imputes to Kossuth an extreme of dissimulation hardly reconcileable with "fiery impetuosity," in order to relieve him from the charge of willingness to subserve the ends of Austria in other quarters provided she would frankly leave the Hungarians to govern themselves—and, it may be added, would assist them to put down the Slavonian "rebellion." This soon grew to be the most serious matter they had to deal with. The ultra-via of Magyars and Slavonians were seen to be irreconcileable. The Austrian Court, when appealed to by the former, professed its desire to support Hungary against the "rebels" on the Lower Danube; and when Ban Jellachich evaded the mandates from Vienna, actually proclaimed him a traitor. But it was soon apparent that this was a mere pretence of anger. The Emperor was powerless in the hands of his "Camarilla." Its head, the Archduchess Sophia—described in these pages as "a Measalina," who had enslaved the Ban by her blandishments—had chosen this leader to restore the

cause of Absolutism by the aid of the Slavonians; and advantage was eagerly taken of the umbrage unwisely given by the Ministry at Pesth to enlist the provinces on the Austrian side. The alliance, at first secretly suspected, was in time overtly proclaimed; and the civil war of races, which had been raging on the frontier since the month of June, thereupon virtually became one between the old despotism of Vienna and Magyar independence. The conflict grew more bloody and the position of affairs more critical when Austria began to triumph in Italy. The Emperor, indeed, while at his refuge in Innspruck, had promised everything to a deputation from the Hungarian Assembly; and sent them home rejoicing at the issue of an Imperial manifest, addressed to the "Croats and Slavonians,"—denouncing the motions of Jellachich as treasonous, warmly insisting on the rights of Hungary, and warning the Slavonic and Croatian provinces to rebel no longer against her supremacy. But the proclamation was disregarded; and the Emperor's subsequent contradiction by positive acts of every word which he had said in it constitutes the fatal breach of faith on which the Hungarian nation justify their rejection of the House of Hapsburg. The July events in Vienna completed the rupture between the Slavonian and Magyar parties. The final defeat of Charles Albert was known there early in August; and shortly afterwards the so-called counter-revolution began. One mainspring of this, it soon became evident, was to be a Croatian army, raised and led by Jellachich. The difficulties of the Ministry at Pesth—whether still serious, or merely thinking it still expedient, to remain loyal to an Austrian King—daily increased. We have already mentioned the war of finance measures,—the reciprocal denunciations of Pesth and Vienna bank-notes—between the respective Ministries. In the Cabinet of Vienna the luckless Latour now began openly to foster insurrection in Hungary:—arms, cannon and ammunition were supplied to the Slavonian levies from Austrian arsenals. The state of things grew worse until September;—when a last solemn mission was ordered to repair to Vienna, to protest against its continuance, to obtain a definite answer from the Emperor on the menacing preparations of Jellachich, and to entreat him to repair in person to his Hungarian kingdom. The deputation was received with sullen reserve. In reply to the firm and ample statement of their grievances, the Emperor read a brief and evasive reply; while the couriers, it is said, scarcely affected to conceal an air of contempt and triumph. The deputies returned "with a red flag hoisted on the steamer" that bore them homewards. From Vienna they saw there was nothing to hope:—the independence of Hungary must thenceforth rest on the issues of war. On the same day that the deputies reached Presburg (the 9th of September 1848) "Jellachich crossed the Drave with an army of 18,000 regular troops and a horde of Servian and Croatian robbers, 26,000 strong,—and, in the robber's fashion, without any previous declaration of war, in defiance of all national law, pressed on towards the heart of Hungary."

At this crisis the first volume of the memoir ends:—the next, said to be already in the press, promises to describe the war of independence to which this harsh and faithless transaction gave the alarm. The drama, indeed, is not yet played out to the end;* but while ex-

pecting the issue with the interest due to a cause with which all freemen will sympathize, we may collect from its past scenes some leading views as to the opening of the struggle. It is of course solely as a matter of history that it falls within our province,—and history is bound to be impartial. In this point of view the events described in the present volume seem to lead to the following conclusions:—That the Hungarian nation, as a whole, did not at first design, nor for a long time desire, to reject its Hapsburg monarch: and, further, that—whatever change subsequent events might have produced under the new constitution, for a time, at least, Hungary would have taken no part against Austria in her other relations had the latter shown a sincere determination to observe the concessions which the Emperor had nominally acceded to, nor given countenance in secret to the Slavonian "rebels":—that the Magyars, while asserting their own nationality, were not disposed to admit the claims of the Slavonian population to equal privileges; and that in dispossessing them at the outset they committed an error—if not an injustice. The effect of this was to throw into the arms of Austria all the Slavonian provinces: among which it is probable that the Servians, if not the Croats, were at first by no means prone to make common cause with absolutism. If, therefore, the Vienna Court was justly suspected of insincerity from the beginning, any measures that by alarming the Slavonian races tended to provoke a Panslavic union, were precisely such as a sagacious policy would have avoided. It is probable, indeed, that but for the temptation offered by the symptoms of a civil war of races in the Hungarian kingdom, the "Camarilla," however inclined, would not have ventured, in the then state of Europe, upon a counter-revolution. The latter being once declared, the cause of Hungary of course became the cause of liberal institutions and of good faith against despotism and treachery: and it has been maintained with a resolution and gallantry that cannot be too warmly admired. Still, it may be apprehended that its maintenance has been embarrassed, if not its success endangered, by mixing up the question of supremacy of race over race with those national claims of the righteousness of which there can be no question. This combination tended to give Jellachich a power over the provincial inhabitants not of Croatia only, which he could not otherwise have wielded,—while it may have paved the way for the Russians, as champions of a Panslavic principle, in many quarters where their intrusion would formerly have excited the liveliest resentment.

Four Years in the Pacific, in Her Majesty's Ship Collingwood, from 1844 to 1848. By Lieut. the Hon. Frederick Walpole, R.N. 2 vols. Bentley.

Frederick the Prussian—surnamed the Great—remarks, in one of his letters to Voltaire, that a man's lasting renown depends less upon himself than upon the writer of his story. This thought induced him to become his own historian. His royal vanity led him to fancy that he could wield the instrument of immortality—the pen—as potently as he could the more vulgar instrument of present power—the sword; and so he peopled Sans Souci with literary vagaries,—wrote wretched verses, indifferent commentaries, and very pleasant letters. The same vanities have led a host of other heroes into all the perils of type—especially in our own country. For half a century or more, nearly every officer in either service who knows how to spell

alone can reveal:—this, in the meanwhile, may be firmly believed,—that a warlike people, determined to be free, can never be permanently enslaved.

* The above was written before the arrival of the recent accounts of serious reverses, said to have been suffered by the Hungarians—of an alleged surrender of their best army, and of the disappearance of Kossuth. What consequence may ensue upon this new state of things, time

—and many a one who does not—has considered it necessary to inflict himself and his adventures on the attention of the public. The world has been so pestered with stories of the mess-room and of frolics on deck, that the very mention of a “sabretash” or a “log-book” is enough to create a nervous apprehension lest a tale of the deadly-lively genus, or a long yarn on the same principle, should peep out. But a grain of good has been mixed up in this tiresome mass of matter for the portmanteau-maker: a really useful and amusing work has now and then turned up from these sources,—and we are glad to find that the accident is becoming more and more frequent of late.

No body of men have better opportunities for acquiring useful information than the officers of our naval squadrons on remote stations; and if properly directed, they might render to science, to geography, to geology, to botany, to commerce, the most signal services. Many times good has been done by them—additions made to our stock of information; but thousands of golden chances for doing service and winning honourable reputation have been, and are continually, thrown away for want of a little direction and encouragement. The young writers of the “naval and military” school are generally haunted with the fatal idea that it is necessary for them to be “funny.” No section of our literature is more deeply infected with the “fast” disease than this. To avoid being dull, they are willing to be grotesque—to exaggerate trifles into importance—and often to turn truth “wrong side out.” The dread of being thought “slow” is their Nemesis. It paralyzes all their efforts, and renders all their doings worthless. While this mania lasts, it is in vain to hope for good; for with those possessed by it whatever is *solid* is “slow”—history, science, statistics, exact knowledge of every kind—and to be avoided. Author-craft is easy enough on such conditions—to easy not to be contemptible. But, as Burke says, there is a class of mind which can be at once “contemptible and content.”

These two volumes of Mr. Walpole’s are of the better order of “professional” literature. They are pleasant and amusing without being extravagant—conscientious in their statements of facts without being tedious; and there is enough of frolic and gaiety to redeem the more serious passages from the charge of heaviness even in the minds of the “frightly.” The lighter parts exhibit a tendency to vulgarity in manner and detail—but the work contains a good deal of valuable information from the western coast of South America—the latest authentic account of what is doing in those unquiet Spanish republics—some notes from California—and an elaborate statement, from the spot, of the events which led to the dethronement of Queen Pomare, and the settlement of the French in Tahiti and the contiguous islands:—together with numerous items of perhaps minor interest for the general reader.

Chili is now the most flourishing of all the Hispano-American commonwealths, and Valparaiso is the most flourishing city in Chili. Its position renders it the natural dépôt for the trade of the southern continent, but in itself it is described as a wretched place. The cordial and hospitable señoritas, however, made up to our society-loving and dancing young countrymen for the want of national beauties by their smiles. To the morals of the women and the characters of the men of Valparaiso—which have been much traduced by Anglo-American writers—Mr. Walpole found nothing to object: on the contrary, he thought the conduct of the dark-eyed daughters of the south contrasted very favourably with that of women in the capitals of more self-sufficing Europe. The only persons

in Valparaiso whom he finds gall enough to contemn are a class of our own countrymen. He is taking us the rounds of the city:—

“Here is the Philharmonic; let us enter and see it: two flags flying outside warn us that a *funcion* is going on. We leave our hats, and receiving a number in return, see them consigned to a pigeon-hole in a narrow passage, walk up a narrow staircase, and enter a small room, where a trestle-table supports tea and wine and bits of dry bread stuck together, eaten by the green and verdant, and called sandwiches. But who are all these loafers? are they waiting for the women who are uncloaking? No, these are budding clerks; I must relate to you their history and progress. On first arriving from England, remembering what they were,—they are humble, do their duty, think their patron’s style of living first-rate, conform to all rules, and so do well. But no sooner are their stomachs filled than they want to see life; they appear at the Telegraph and Star, and at last even make their way into the Chili Hotel itself. They now assume a thick stick afflicted with warts, wear a rakish shooting-coat, trousers that seem, while hanging up to dry, to have fallen on a gridiron and been marked by its bars, and a waistcoat of the lightning-and-blazing pattern. Imagine with this a cadaverous over-cigarred face, and a cold hand that has not yet attained the clutch—the vulture-grasp of the patron, and you have a faithful portrait of the ‘shoppy.’ He talks turf, recounts hunting reminiscences of home, where he probably never bestrode a hack, and drowns desk and accounts in sherry-cobbler and brandy *pawnee*. By this time he has entirely forgotten what he was, and boldly grumbles at his patron’s grub, and lush, and rules. Advancing another step, he subscribes to the Philharmonic, and undergoes an initiation here, in the refreshment room,—at first only venturing forward when the crowd closes up to hear the singing. Now he is full-blown, dances, talks, and begins to be naturalized, though still he looks small in the presence of his patron. But the dancing begins: look, friend, and be proud; all those whom you see waltzing so well, with such graceful ease, are thy countrywomen: those who go round with bumps and starts like ill-matched horses, or as if their limbs did not fit, are _____. But remember it is not the dance of their country; wait a little till they begin the national dance: what think you now? Look at that girl with the dazzling eyes; is not her every movement the embodiment of voluptuous grace? All mazy and incomprehensible as it appears, I could introduce you to a girl at Santiago that would make a statue dance it. ‘Who is that tall fellow, thin, as if he had been hauled through a ring-bolt?’ He is Don B____ de C____, the quintessence of travelled gent. He gave a fellow a good answer, though, who asked him ‘Where the deuce did your good taste lead you to learn manners?’ ‘Not in England, sir.’”

It would be useless to attempt to follow Mr. Walpole through his eight hundred pages of incident and observation:—we shall therefore pass at will from place to place, and gather as we go a passage or two of amusing or interesting interest. As we have said, these volumes contain a good deal of interesting detail of the state of the young republics which Canning—in his pardonable delight at witnessing what he believed to be a new birth of Liberty—welcomed into the political system of the world so eloquently. From one of the chapters containing such detail we extract a notice of Ecuador which is connected with an interesting passage in our own recent history.

“Early in 1822, Guayaquil sent in its adhesion to the cause of liberty for which Bolívar was struggling on the banks of the Orinoco. On May 22nd, 1822, the Battle of Pichincha was fought—the Republicans were victorious, and Quito, the capital, fell into the hands of General Lucie,—forming from that day a portion of the great Columbian Republic, a disjointed mass kept together by the talent and *prestige* attached to Bolívar. At his death revolutions and counter-revolutions again became fashionable, until General Flores, a man who had risen from a common trooper, associated himself with Rocafuerte,

a person of first-rate talents and liberal education; the one adapted for the field, the other for the council—conjointly they contrived to get the governments into their hands, and erected a Republic called the Ecuador, of which Quito again became the capital—at first the two held joint power, however, Flores as residing at Quito commenced intriguing. Rocafuerte did the same in Guayaquil, two parties arose, the Quitonians and Guayaquilians, and hostilities ensued. Rocafuerte seized the naval force, consisting of a heavy fifty-gun frigate, called the *Columbia*. Flores, by great activity, descended from the Table Land, and in a short time gained possession of Guayaquil and the adjacent country. Rocafuerte then retired to the Island of Puna, and, by means of his frigate, entirely blockaded the river and city. Flores, however, was not a man to be easily foiled; he gained information of Rocafuerte being so far confident of his security as to be in the habit of landing on Puna unguarded—a plot was laid, and successfully carried out. Rocafuerte was surprised, made prisoner, and carried to Guayaquil. The frigate threatened to bombard the city, Flores checked them by the assurance that the first shot would sign his death-warrant. Meanwhile, after prison discipline had well reduced Rocafuerte’s health and spirit, his fortunate rival had an interview with him, and after pointing out the folly of their opposing one another, and the necessity of uniting to advance their country’s interest, the two left the prison friends: there can be no doubt, whatever may have been Flores’ motive in thus leniently treating an enemy, that it was generous, and showed nothing but the general cruelty of political rivalry. To get possession of the redoubtable frigate *Columbia* was the next object to be attained, and was quickly done by declaring her a pirate, on which a Yankee corvette summoned her to surrender; she politely complied, and to prevent a re-occurrence of any more naval freaks in the Ecuador, Flores wisely broke her up. This rebellion being finished, a calm ensued. Flores succeeded, by dint of intrigue and force, in being re-elected President, and then commenced taking measures to be confirmed in authority for life. Rocafuerte, whose talents and patriotism were beyond all doubt, disgusted with the abuse of that liberty which he once hoped to see his country enjoy, and devoid of the requisite energy to combat an oppressor, retired to Lima a disappointed man. Flores now had the field to himself. The Presidency for life was passed through the senate as a law, and at once opened the eyes of all parties to his ambition, which pointed to a dictatorship. Six years passed on, and the Guayaquilians revolted, aided and abetted by Rocafuerte, who expected to be elected President. Flores was this time unlucky and driven forth a beggar, and Rocca, a man of colour, by good management, obtained the envied Presidency, and still held it; thus quite checkmating Rocafuerte, who died in 1847, at Lima. Flores has since been begging from one European Court to another, ready to sacrifice everything, provided he is assisted to regain his position in the Ecuador. Isabella of Spain seemed to have at last given him hopes, and some mercantile house undertook the affair as a spec: the conquest of Ecuador, and the monopoly of the cocoa-trade being their motives. How the Quixotic expedition failed every one knows, by Lord Palmerston squashing the legion, and seizing the transports—and very fortunately so, for the selfishness of these trans-Andean conquerors was undoubtedly, and I heard an *employé* of General Flores, when asked what they would do with the Irish legionaries after the war, supposing them to have been successful, reply—‘Oh! quarter them one wet season, in the marshes, they would want no half-pay or pensions after it.’”

It is said that General Flores has still a strong party in the republic and may yet return to power. This is very doubtful after the fear which he has caused by his threatened invasions—and his connexion with the former sovereigns of the country. With this matter, however, we have nothing to do.

The volumes we should say, in conclusion, are illustrated by a few original views taken in the countries described—but of little pictorial or artistic beauty.

John H. From sketch memoir in his author, much a of praceptent earnest Howard. Worsley. The ste noble a over-stand nor ex materia. For the “to pos do bett passage. The of How wa rati The strin power fir adva spring, permis spend. That ch fation of the jubilant dancing in the m fever this di twenty consta Her fe a la whose first in plicatio creas worl begin. Sea fl the la prove not, is the si lady memen How requi uniform deliv at M. How inter hea dene be h a dring und colo yet, to cide side. Aft

John Howard, and the Prison-World of Europe.
From original and authentic documents. By Hepworth Dixon. Jackson & Walford.

A life of Howard to supersede the incomplete sketch by Aikin and the clumsily unreadable memoir by Brown, to which Mr. Dixon refers in his preface, was certainly wanted: and our author, who is understood to have devoted much attention to prison discipline as a subject of practical research, has proved himself competent to execute the task so far as zeal and earnestness are concerned. The career of Howard is here minutely traced from Mr. John Worsley's school-desk to the solitary grave in the *steppe* near Cherson; and his great and noble acts are descended upon in due order, with an enthusiastic admiration which is neither overstrained as regards the writer's feelings nor exaggerated in stating his hero's greatness. Mr. Dixon, too, seems to have amassed his materials with as much diligence as enthusiasm. For the most part he narrates graphically: and "to point" our character by example we cannot do better than quote his account of the last passages of the *Prison Reformer's* pilgrimage.—

"The reader will recall to mind, that, at the time of Howard's residence at Cherson, a desperate war was raging between the Sultan and the Autocrat. The strong fortress of Bender had just fallen into the power of Russia, but as the winter was already too far advanced to allow the army to push forward until spring, the commander of the imperial forces gave permission to such of his officers as chose to go and spend the Christmas with their friends in Cherson. That city was consequently crowded with rank and fashion. All the city was in high spirits. The victories of the imperial troops produced a general state of jubilation. Rejoicing was the order of the day, and dancing and revelry the business of the night. But in the midst of these festivities, a virulent and infectious fever broke out—brought, as Howard believed, by the military from the camp. One of the sufferers from this disorder was a young lady who resided about twenty-four miles from Cherson, but who had been a constant attendant at the recent balls and routs. Her fever very soon assumed an alarming form; and as a last resource her friends waited upon Howard—whose reputation as a leech was still on the increase—and implored him to ride over and see her. At first he refused, on the ground that he was only a physician to the poor; but their importunities increasing, and reports arriving that she was getting worse and worse, he at length acceded to their wish—being also pressed thereto by his intimate friend, Admiral Mordvinoff, Chief Admiral of the Black Sea fleet,—and went with them. He prescribed for the lady's case; and then leaving word that if she improved they must send to him again, but if she did not, it would be useless, went to make some visits to the sick of an hospital in the neighbourhood. The lady gradually improved under the change of treatment, and in a day or two a letter was written to Howard to acquaint him with the circumstance, and requesting him to come again without delay. Very unfortunately this letter miscarried, and was not delivered for eight days—when it was brought to him at Mordvinoff's house. When he noticed the date, Howard was greatly alarmed—for he had become interested in the case of his fair patient, and thought himself in a manner responsible for any mishap which might have befallen her. Although, when the note came to hand, it was a cold, wintry, tempestuous night, with the rain falling in torrents, he did not hesitate for a moment about setting off for her residence. Unfortunately, again, no post-horses could be had at the time; and he was compelled to mount a dray-horse used in the Admiral's family for carrying water, whose slow pace protracted the journey until he was saturated with wet and benumbed with cold. He arrived, too, to find his patient dying; yet, not willing to see her expire without a struggle to save her, he administered some medicines to excite perspiration, and remained for some hours at her side to watch the first signs of the effect produced. After a time, he thought the dose was beginning to operate, and wishing to avoid exposing her to the

chance of a fresh cold by uncovering her arms, placed his hand under the coverlet to feel her pulse. On raising it up a little, a most offensive smell escaped from beneath the clothes; and Howard always thought the infection was then communicated to him. Next day she died. For a day or two, Howard remained unconscious of his danger; feeling only a slight indisposition, easily accounted for by his recent exertions; which he nevertheless so far humoured as to keep within doors; until, finding himself one day rather better than usual, he went out to dine with Admiral Mordvinoff. There was a large, animated party present, and he stayed later than was usual with him. On reaching his lodgings he felt unwell, and fancied he was about to have an attack of gout. Taking a dose of sal volatile in a little tea, he went to bed. About four in the morning he awoke and feeling no better, took another dose. During the day he grew worse, and found himself unable to take his customary exercise; towards night a violent fever seized him, and he had recourse to a favourite medicine of that period, called 'James's Powders.' On the 12th of January, he fell down suddenly in a fit—his face was flushed and black, his breathing difficult, his eyes closed firmly, and he remained quite insensible for half-an-hour. From that day he became weaker and weaker; though few even then suspected that his end was near. Acting as his own physician he continued at intervals to take his favourite powders; notwithstanding which his friends at Cherson—for he was universally loved and respected in that city, though his residence had been so short—soon surrounded him with the highest medical skill which the province supplied. As soon as his illness became known, Prince Potemkin, the prince and unprincipled favourite of Catherine, then resident in Cherson, sent his own physician to attend him; and no effort was spared to preserve a life so valuable to the world. Still he went worse and worse. * * On the 17th, that alarming fit recurred; and although, as on the former occasion, the state of complete insensibility lasted only a short time, it evidently affected his brain—and from that moment the gravity of his peril was understood by himself, if not by those about him. On the 18th, he went worse rapidly. A violent hiccuping came on, attended with considerable pain, which continued until the middle of the following day, when it was allayed by means of copious musk draughts.

"Early on the morning of the 20th, came to see him his most intimate friend, Admiral Priestman—a Russianized Englishman in the service of the Empress. During his sojourn at Cherson, Howard had been in the habit of almost daily intercourse with his gallant ex-countryman. When taken ill, not himself considering it at first serious, no notice of it had been sent out; but not seeing his friend for several days, Priestman began to feel uneasy, and went off to his lodgings to learn the cause. He found Howard sitting at a small stove in his bedroom—the winter was excessively severe—and very weak and low. The Admiral thought him merely labouring under a temporary depression of spirits, and by lively, rattling conversation endeavoured to rouse him from his torpidity. But Howard was fully conscious that death was nigh. He knew now that he was *not* to die in Egypt; and, in spite of his friend's cheerfulness, his mind still reverted to the solemn thought of his approaching end. Priestman told him not to give way to any gloomy fancies, and they would soon leave him. 'Priestman,' said Howard, in his mild and serious voice, 'you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on the thought of death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other.' And then he went on to say:—'I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, have been able to subdue it.' Put how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment

—and therefore I must die;' and then turning to his friend, added, smiling—'It is only such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers.' This melancholy pleasantry was more than the gallant sailor could bear; he turned away to conceal his emotion: his heart was full, and he remained silent, whilst Howard, with no despondency in his tone, but with a calm and settled serenity of manner, as if the death-pangs were already past, went on to speak of his end, and of his wishes as to his funeral. 'There is a spot,' said he, 'near the village of Dauphiney—this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor let any monument nor monumental inscription whatsoever be made to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten.' In this strain of true Christian philosophy did Howard speak of his exit from a world in which he felt that he had selected his work. The ground, in which he had selected to fix his everlasting rest, situate about two miles from Cherson, on the edge of the great highway to St. Nicholas, belonged to a French gentleman who had treated him with distinguished attention and kindness during his stay in the vicinity; and having made his choice, he was very anxious to know whether permission could be obtained for the purpose, and begged his gallant friend to set off immediately, and ascertain that for him. Priestman was not very willing to leave his friend at such a time and on such a gloomy errand; he fancied people would think him crazy in asking permission to make a grave for a man still alive, and whom few as yet knew to be ill; but the earnestness of the dying martyr at length overcame his reluctance, and he set forth. * * Towards evening, Admiral Priestman returned from a successful application; with this result Howard appeared highly gratified, and soon after his arrival retired to rest. Priestman, conscious now of the imminence of the danger, would leave him alone no more, but resolutely remained and sat at the bed-side. Although still sensible, Howard had now become too weak to converse. After a long silence, during which he seemed lost in a profound meditation, he recovered for a moment his presence of mind, and taking the letter which had just before come to hand—evidently the subject of his thoughts—out of his bosom, he gave it to the Admiral to read; and when the latter had glanced it through, said tenderly:—'Is not this comfort for a dying father?' These were almost the last words he uttered. Soon after he fell into a state of unconsciousness, the calm of sleep, of an unbroken rest—but even then the insensibility was more apparent than real, for on Admiral Mordvinoff, who arrived just in time to see the last of his illustrious friend, asking permission to send for a certain doctor, in whom he had great faith, the patient gave a sign which implied consent; but before this person could arrive he had fallen off:—Howard was dead!"

The above extract must not, however, be put forth as a specimen without our apprising the reader, and warning Mr. Dixon, that in other pages of this biography the style errs in being superfluously ambitious or familiarly colloquial. Since future memoirs of social reformers and benefactors may be naturally expected from our author, we cannot but in all friendliness remind him that this class of subject is one which beyond almost any other demands a vigorous and dignified simplicity in its treatment. And we do this all the more emphatically, because as a body, our contemporary philanthropists, whether comic or serious, realist or romantic, seem on principle and with purpose to cultivate the fantastic and exuberant manner of writing—in place of repressing it—on Charles Lamb's admirable doctrine of "being modest for a modest man."

In connexion with the above, a word or two are claimed by Mr. Dixon's tone while treating "The Prison-World of Europe." This, too, goes somewhat beyond the canons of our rubric; being not guiltless of what may be called class acrimony. We cannot detect this in quantities

ever so minute without a grave protest addressed to those who display it. That sentimental love which embraces what is good and what is bad with one and the same intimacy,—which prattles of guilt and innocence, rich and poor, bond and free, in the spirit of the fine lady lashed by Dr. Young—

Though once upon a time he misbehaved,
Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be saved—

is more objectionable, and perhaps more mischievous, than narrow, rabid prejudice. The value of even-handed justice must be increasingly recognized. We must see no more of camellias stuck into the murderer's button-hole, by pious friends, as a decoration for the Drop! We must hear no more of guineas slid into the hands of the guardians of the night, by way of exempting *my Lord* from durance vile. But this very spirit of fairness has also its occupation and its necessity when the mind is brought to bear on the abuses of ages which canker society. It constrains us to admit that wholesale invective and condemnation "without benefit of clergy" cannot be the fitting portion of any class: and that in proportion as they are superfluously lavished, are angry passions provoked, kindred interests kept apart, and wrath and selfishness enlisted in the decision of questions which can be decided only by brotherly love and self-abnegation.

This leads us to yet another remark not uncalled for by this memoir. There is more of partizanship than of philosophy in Mr. Dixon's speculations upon a prominent incident in Howard's life—we allude to his disappointment in his son: whose career of vicious profligacy was closed by premature extinction of reason. A bad father Howard could not be, as regards sins of commission:—but Mr. Dixon passes beyond the bounds of reason and of evidence when in the ardour of defence he insists that Howard was not a neglectful one. It serves no good purpose to conceal the fact that the performance of great and momentous public services—especially those into which enthusiasm enters as a moving principle of action—is difficult to reconcile with the thorough fulfilment of private duties. Let us grasp at perfection as we will, in order that our allegiance to the great minds who have moved society may be implicit—the effort, if undertaken in a candid spirit, must end again and yet again in striking a balance of good and evil—in owning that mighty achievements are liable to be accompanied by a compensating waste in the shape of minor deficiencies and inconsistencies. Man at his best is "a little lower than the angels":—here, fanaticism—there, self-delusion—in a third case, worldliness—in a fourth, insincerity—in a fifth, ambition—have taken a part in the sublime and munificent deeds of those who have the most largely benefited their species. It is with no lukewarmness of love that we would have nothing more than the most rigorous truth written upon their graves; but because the study of such epitaphs, wherein everything is accurately and in fair proportion noted, may serve a high and noble purpose in the training of others who are meditating a like devotion of their energies. We are bound to consider not only the fame of the Hero before us, not merely the maintenance of a reverential spirit among mankind—but also the health, strength and virtue of the Hero to come!

Such are merely a few of the considerations to which this interesting volume has given occasion; and which are offered—according to the principle just laid down—in a spirit of kindness, not of cavil.

Principles of Zoology. Part I. By Louis Agassiz and Augustus A. Gould. Boston, Gould & Co.

ONE of the greatest errors that has characterized the science of our day has been the tendency on the part of naturalists to study the forms of plants and animals to the exclusion of any regard for the functions performed or the changes undergone in them during life. Dried plants and stuffed skins were supposed to afford all the necessary elements of rearing botanical and zoological science.—Already has the botanist declared his conviction that a single observation on a living plant with a microscope is of more importance to botany than the possession of a cart-load of dried plants:—and the thought is penetrating the mind of zoologists, that it is useless for them to pursue their task without the aids of comparative anatomy and physiology. To know what an animal or plant really is, or what it is in relation to other animals and plants, we must know, as well as its external form, its internal structure and its living actions,—and not only what they are, but what they have been. That would be but an imperfect history of a nation or an individual that should be confined to any given day or even year in its whole existence. This, then, has been the deficiency of both zoology and botany:—and the history of almost every individual plant and animal has yet to be written. This will be cheering news for those who because new plants and new animals are not to be laid hold of imagine that science is about to stop. Almost all our science in zoology and botany is yet to come,—and we can expect it only through the aid of well-trained observers. First principles must be understood before we can hope for great advances to follow. It is on this account that we are glad to find so accomplished a naturalist as M. Agassiz teaching the elements of his science. We are probably indebted for this to the demands of his adopted country. In America the difficulty of beginning anything anew is less than in Europe. Time has not yet encrusted her educational institutions and forbidden their expansion with the impulses of the new life that ever flows from inquiry and the activity of the human mind. The present work is intended for the use of schools and colleges:—and we have seldom seen a book more admirably adapted in its general arrangement and style to meet the object of its

The work opens with a chapter on the sphere and fundamental Principles of Zoology:—and here we think the authors should have been more explicit. The following passage, in which the most important terms in zoology are explained, has been either carelessly written or more carelessly revised.—

"We understand the faculties of animals, and appreciate their value, just in proportion as we become acquainted with the instruments which execute them. The study of the functions or uses of organs therefore requires an examination of their structure; they must never be disjoined, and must precede the systematic distribution of animals into classes, families, genera, and species. In this general view of organization, we must ever bear in mind the necessity of carefully distinguishing between *affinities* and *analogies*, a fundamental principle recognized even by Aristotle, the founder of scientific Zoology. *Analogy* or *homology* is the relation between organs or parts of the body which are constructed on the same plan, however much they vary in form, but which serve for very different uses. *Analogy*, on the contrary, indicates the similarity of purposes or functions performed by organs of different structure." We suppose the first "analogies" should be read *affinity*; but even then the definitions appear to us loose for such important words as these have become in anatomical and physiological science.

The succeeding chapter treats of the general properties of Organized Bodies,—and embraces an account of the tissues of animals and of the differences between animals and plants. Then follows a chapter on the functions and organs of Animal Life. The following account of intelligence and instinct affords a good example of the way in which the book is written, and gives a view of the subject which may be new to many of our readers.—

"Besides the material substance of which the body is constructed, there is also an immaterial principle, which, though it eludes detection, is none the less real, and to which we are constantly obliged to recur in considering the phenomena of life. It originates with the body, and is developed with it, while yet it is totally apart from it. The study of this inscrutable principle belongs to one of the highest branches of Philosophy; and we shall here merely allude to some of its phenomena which elucidate the development and rank of animals. The *constancy of species* is a phenomenon depending on the immaterial nature. Animals and plants also produce their kind generation after generation. We shall hereafter shew that all animals may be traced back, in the embryo, to a mere point upon the yolk of the egg, bearing no resemblance whatever to the future animal. But here, an immaterial principle which no external influence can prevent or modify, is present, and determines its future form: so that the egg of the hen can produce nothing but a chicken, and the egg of the cod fish produces only the cod. It may therefore be said with truth, that the chicken and the cod existed in the egg before their formation. Perception is a faculty springing from this principle. The organs of sense are the instruments for perceiving sensations, but they are not the faculty itself, and indeed without it they would be useless. We all know that the eye and ear may be open to the sights and sounds about us, but if the mind happens to be preoccupied, we perceive them not. We may even be searching for something which actually lies within the compass of our vision; the light enters the eye as usual, and the image is formed on the retina; but, to use a common expression, we look without seeing, unless the mind that perceives is directed to the object. In addition to the faculty of perceiving sensations, the higher animals have also the faculty of recalling past impressions, or the power of *memory*. Many animals retain a recollection of pleasure or pain that they have experienced, and seek or avoid the objects which these sensations may have produced; and in doing so, they give proof of *judgment*. Finally, we notice in some animals acts which prove that they have the faculty of comparing their sensations and their judgments; in other words, that they carry on a process of *reasoning*. These different faculties, taken together, constitute *intelligence*. In man, this superior principle, which is an emanation of the Divine nature, manifests itself in all its splendour. God 'breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living soul.' It is his prerogative, and his alone, to be enabled to guide his conduct by the deductions of reason; he has not only the faculty of exercising his judgment upon the objects which surround him, and of apprehending the many relations which exist between himself and the external world; he may also apply his reason to immaterial things, observe the operations of his own intellect, and, by the analysis of his faculties, may arrive at the consciousness of his own nature, and even conceive of that Infinite Spirit, 'whom none by searching can find out.' Other animals cannot aspire to conceptions of this kind; they contemplate merely those objects which immediately strike the senses, and without exercising even a continuous effort of the reasoning faculty in regard to them. Their conduct, moreover, is regulated by another principle of inferior order, still derived from the immaterial principle, called *Instinct*."

We think the difference in nature between the reason of man and the instinct and intelligence of animals is not sufficiently insisted on. No one can, we think, conceive that so great a difference as exists between man and the lower animals is one of mere degree. There is no more striking difference in nature than that between the magnificent results of the progres-

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This must arise from more than a mere differ-
ence of degree.

The chapter on Motion, with the account of
the muscular system and the organs of locomotion,
is well written, and the information which it
affords is quite up to the time. The chapters on
Nutrition, the Blood, Respiration, and the Secretions,
are brief—but, at the same time, omitting no important fact. The most interesting chapter
in the book is perhaps the one on Embryology. We have said that our knowledge of
an animal is incomplete unless we know its
history:—hence the importance of this subject
to zoology.—

“As a general result of the observations which
have been made, up to this time, on the embryology of
the various classes of the Animal Kingdom, especially
of the vertebrates, it may be said, that the organs
of the body are successively formed in the order of
their organic importance, the most essential being
always the earliest to appear. In consequence of this
law, the organs of vegetative life, the intestines and
their appurtenances, make their appearance subse-
quently to those of animal life, such as the nervous
system, the skeleton, &c.; and these, in turn, are
preceded by the more general phenomena belonging
to the animal as such.”

Thus, if we can make out that the appearance
of the organs in the embryo takes place in
accordance with their importance, we have
here a criterion of the relative value of these
organs in classification. The organs which
appear first have a higher value than those
which are subsequently developed.

Chapters are devoted to the subject of the
alternations of appearances in the same species
of animals, and also to the metamorphoses of
animals. These matters are almost new in our
Introductions to Zoology. The distribution of
animals in space and time is treated with equal
judgment. From the latter chapter we give the
following:—

“Each formation, as has been before stated,
contains remains peculiar to itself, which do not
extend into the neighbouring deposits above or below
it. Still there is a connection between the different
formations, more strong in proportion to their prox-
imity to each other. Thus, the animal remains of
the chalk, while they differ from those of all other
formations, are nevertheless much more nearly related
to those of the loam formation, which immediately
precedes, than to those of the carboniferous formation,
which is much more ancient; and in the same
manner, the fossils of the carboniferous group ap-
proach more nearly to those of the Silurian formation,
than to those of the Tertiary. These relations could
not escape the observation of naturalists, and indeed
they are of great importance for the true under-
standing of the developement of life at the surface of
our earth. And, as in the history of man, several
grand periods have been established, under the name
of *ages*, marked by peculiarities in his social and
intellectual condition, and illustrated by contem-
poraneous monuments, so, in the history of the earth
also, are distinguished several great periods, which
may be designated as the various *ages of Nature*,
illustrated in like manner by their monuments, the
fossils remaining, which, by certain general traits stamped
upon them, clearly indicate the era to which they
belong. We distinguish four *ages of Nature*, cor-
responding to the great geological divisions, namely :—
1st. *The Primary or Palæozoic Age*, comprising the
lower Silurian, the upper Silurian, and the Devonian.
During this age there were no air-breathing animals.
The fishes were the masters of creation. We may
therefore call it the *Reign of Fishes*.—2nd. *The Secondary Age*, comprising the carboniferous formation,
the Trias, the oolitic, and the cretaceous formations.
This is the epoch in which air-breathing animals first
appear. The reptiles predominate over the other
classes, and we may therefore call it the *Reign of
Reptiles*.—3rd. *The Tertiary Age*, comprising the
tertiary formations. During this age, terrestrial
mammals, of great size, abound. This is the *Reign*

of *Mammals*.—4th. *The Modern Age*, characterized by
the appearance of the most perfect of all created
beings. This is the *Reign of Man*.”

This extract shows that the authors believe
in the progression of organization on the earth:—
but this is a very different thing from the
“organic developement by law” of a late popular
writer.—There is another part of this work
to come, and we are sure that if it equals the
present it will be well received. We know of
no better introduction to the study of the general
principles of zoology, so far as it goes, than
this little volume. It is copiously illustrated
with woodcuts.

*Memoirs of the House of Orleans; including
Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distin-
guished Characters in France during the
seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.* By
W. Cooke Taylor, L.L.D. 3 vols. Bentley.

THESE are contrasts the excessive whimsicality
of which could scarcely fail to pierce its way even
through “the Shell of Dulness” be it ever so
crustaceous. We, who move it is to be hoped
under armour somewhat lighter, must be therefore
excused for looking back with a momentary
diversion to the last family record studied by us
previous to our taking up these ‘Memoirs of
the House of Orleans.’ That was the ‘Lives of
the Lindsays’:—of whose race it might be said,
with small violence to truth that “all the men
were brave and all the women chaste.” The
converse (or something not far from it) could be
maintained with regard to the family whose trans-
actions have found an agreeable chronicler in
Dr. Cooke Taylor. Throughout his pages we
keep company “more fair than honest”:—fol-
lowing the windings and turnings of a stream
of blood royal, through by-ways where pause
oftentimes becomes impossible to those gifted
with delicacy of sense, and where walkers who
cannot tread lightly may at any unforeseen
moment find themselves chin-deep in mire.
Political intrigue—private profligacy—thus runs
the story from the days of Louis Treize and
Sister Angelica, with which it begins, to the
commencement of the history of Louis-Philippe,
with which it ends.—Here, however, we come to
a welcome difference. In the case of the last “Orleans” and his family, we are happily
spared the catalogue of amours which, with all
their ancillary train of corruptions, exactions,
prostrations, endowments, and ante-chamber
influences, contributed so largely to *rot* good
faith and good morals in France (the verb is
not too strong). But while we gladly recognize
the recent gain of the race in the article of
domestic virtue, what shall be said as regards
its progress in political uprightness? We fear
that the echoes of Claremont might answer but
in the “vaguest of oracles.”

Thus, Dr. Taylor’s first two volumes are as
precious a contribution to Europe’s store of
picaroon literature as it possesses. For hear
it not, ye who hold that “a Queen of France
has no legs”!—picaroon literature there may
be, even when its subject

the likeness of a kingly crown hath on.

Gils and Guzmans have been born with “blue
blood” in their veins,—as well as with kennel
fluid. Our memorialist, who has obviously been
in no common degree amused and interested by
his task, has exercised a nice taste and a wise
discretion in the management of details. The
skill with which he has made these *Memoirs* a
book of warrantable reading claims great credit:
although no “perfumes of Arabia” could cleanse
his heroes and heroines of certain attributes past
removal and certain defects “beyond remedy.”
It must be further pointed out, that Dr. Taylor’s
labour could be merely one of selection, rather
than of original research. It is probable that

with regard to no former period of bribery, back-
biting, luxury, poisoning, gambling, supping,
going to plays, and bandying *bons-mots*,—of
family enmities and the schemes and specu-
lations based upon the same,—in the history of
man and woman kind, have men and women
confessed, noted, and interchanged their ex-
periences so copiously; each one telling the lie
which best suited him or herself—self-interest
counteracting and contradicting self-interest,—
until up from the cauldron of conflicting scandals
there is some chance of Truth being drawn by
any one expert in sifting conflicting testimonies.

As to the House of Orleans in general, then,
there can be no very great diversities of opinion
or sympathy. Dr. Taylor tries to remove the
stain which has rested upon *Egalité* the re-
doubtable,—and to represent his complicity in
the horrors of the French Revolution as a matter
“not proven”:—but we do not feel that his
attempt is elaborate enough to call for judicial
analysis. As regards the Parabères and De
Prés of past times,—those poor obsequious
Princesses nicknamed *Loque*, *Chiffe* and
Graille,—the proud Austrian Dauphiness com-
pelled by base court policy to stoop her woman’s
pride for the conciliation of a Du Barri,—
and Madame de Genlis and her educational
systems,—there remained for us little new to
learn. Hence, though we feel indebted to Dr.
Taylor for having pleasantly reminded us of the
old familiar anecdotes, our notice of his book
must be more general than might otherwise
have been the case. It deserves the character
of being written in a pleasant and flowing style:
and we cannot do better than illustrate this
by extracting some of the pages which narrate
the “rise” of that *master-Wit* (in France wit
has no sex), Madame de Tencin.—

“In the last years of Louis XIV., when the hypo-
critical piety of Madame de Maintenon had rendered
devotion fashionable, and had restored to the *Tar-
tuffes* the influence of which they had been deprived
by the satire of Molière, there resided in a dilapi-
dated château near Grenoble a family, named Guérin,
which, in spite of straitened circumstances, main-
tained all its pretensions to gentility, and took the
title of De Tencin, from the moderate estate on
which they vegetated rather than lived. The family
consisted of a widowed mother, two sons and four
daughters, two of whom were marriageable. The
eldest son obtained a diplomatic situation; the eldest
daughter married a rich financier; the second son,
called the Abbé de Tencin, was destined to enter the
church; and the second daughter, Clémence de
Tencin, was warned by her mother to procure a
husband within twelve months or to prepare herself
for a convent. Clémence, though pretty, was poor,
and dowries were as great objects of consideration
in Grenoble as in Paris: moreover, she had a
decided taste for contradiction and repartee, so
that she was called *Mademoiselle Nenni* throughout
the country, from her habit of always replying in the
negative. Her brother the abbé was notorious for
assenting to everybody, and was in consequence
admitted to every table where flattery would pass as
current coin in payment for food. Notwithstanding
this difference of disposition, the brother and sister
were warmly attached to each other, and had vowed
to share any benefits which fortune might have in store
for them. Both had boundless ambition: the abbé
aspired to the highest dignities of the church; Clémence
more vaguely fixed her hopes on acquiring
political influence, either as wife or a mistress.
The alternative presented by the mother alarmed
Clémence: she represented its injustice, if she was
to remain in the country where no eligible partner
was likely to appear. Madame yielded to this
reasoning, and removed her for a season to Grenoble,
where Clémence was presented to fashionable society,
in a robe made from her mother’s well preserved
wedding-gown. At her first ball she captivated M.
de Chandenier, a young man of good family and
tolerable fortune. * * * M. de Chandenier was pre-
paring to visit Paris in search of fortune when he was

de Tencin. He at first meditated nothing more than a little flirtation with the rustic beauty, whom he hoped to dazzle and overawe by his superior knowledge of the world; but he soon found that he was beaten at his own weapons. Long before the ball had concluded, Chandennier had abandoned all his plans of a wealthy marriage for love and a cottage with the beauty of Grenoble. At the conclusion of the ball, as Claudine and her mother were about to return home in their modest carriage, the gallant lover offered the services of his footmen to light them with flambeaux to the gates of the city. Claudine yielded to her natural instinct, and without any reflection replied—“No, Sir, we thank you, our servant knows the way.” This unexpected repulse discouraged the lover, but he sought to gain the favour of her brother, and he invited the abbé to a supper, where the most fashionable young men of Grenoble were assembled. Among the guests was a young financier, of more wealth than wit. Enraged at finding himself eclipsed in conversation by a poor abbé, he began to mock the mean dress and poverty of Tencin. The abbe defended himself with so much wit, that the rest of the company ranged themselves on his side; and when, with a triumphant joke, he asked the financier to lend him five hundred pistoles on his note of hand, all present insisted that the wealthy blockhead should comply, under pain of personal chastisement. On the following morning, Claudine received a letter from her brother, enclosing half the sum he had so strangely gained, declaring that with the rest he would go to Paris in search of fortune, and advising her to lose no time in coming to an arrangement with her suitor. Claudine had already repented her refusal of her lover's proffered politeness; she had even gone the length of inviting him to pay her a visit, whenever his taste led him to make a rural excursion. Five or six days after the ball, it was announced that a brilliant band of cavaliers was approaching the dilapidated castle of the Tencins; and all the preparations usually adopted by pride to hide poverty were hastily made for their reception. A ploughboy, in an old livery enacted the part of porter, and the farm servants, unprepared by previous drill, were suddenly transformed into grooms, ushers, footmen and feudal retainers. Several amusing blunders were made: the porter, dazzled by the dresses of the guests, exhausted himself in mute salutations; the groom was so charmed with M. de Chandennier's horse, that he compelled the gentleman to tell him the price of the animal before he assisted him to dismount; and the footmen, instead of marshalling the way, ran against each other, and knocked their heads together, so that Chandennier in the end entered the saloon without being previously announced. Claudine and her mother had too much tact to notice the confusion which the polite Chandennier affected not to perceive. The topics of the day were discussed. The Tencins had recently received letters from Spain, which enabled them to amuse their guest with the latest details respecting the disgrace of the Princess d'Ursins. The visitor was able to elucidate the narrative by relating the scandals circulated in Paris against the Duke of Orleans. Claudine—as if she had some secret foresight of her future destiny—took a lively interest in the anecdotes told of that licentious prince, and was not quite so much shocked as might have been expected from her secluded education. After some time it was proposed that the gentleman should visit the gardens, accompanied by Claudine and her two sisters, the elder of whom was only ten years of age. In this promenade the conquest was completed: the mother, who watched from the window, though she could not hear the conversation, easily learned, from the cavalier's animated gestures, that his heart was won.”

The step from coquetry (to use no stronger word) to devotion was made by Mdlle. Claudine at an earlier age than is defined as orthodox by the adage. Having quarrelled with her lover,—

“She loudly proclaimed that she had refused Chandennier in order to devote herself to heaven. All the pious people in the province declared that they were edified by such a sacrifice. The news reached Paris, and was the theme of conversation in the saloons of Madame de Maintenon; and her profession was made in presence of all the clergy and nobles of the south of France. The beautiful nun

became the rage; the parlour of the convent was the centre of attraction for all the pious and the fashionable in Grenoble and its vicinity; the devout and the dissipated flocked thither together. The nuns were delighted, and the abbess, who was rather short-sighted, believed that her convent was about to sanctify the whole kingdom. There were, however, some envious people who thought such scenes not consistent with conventional propriety. They represented the state of the convent to Lecamus, the archbishop of the diocese. One day, when mirth and gallantry were at their highest in the parlour, the door was suddenly thrown open, and the grave prelate stood in the midst of the astonished assembly. The crowd dispersed in an instant. Claudine comprehended the crisis, and stood her ground by the side of the abbess. Before the archbishop could complete a sentence, she said:—“My lord, I am the only person here deserving censure or punishment. The abbess and nuns treat me as a spoiled child. They think that I, who despised gallantry when I mixed in the giddy circles of fashionable life, can fear no danger when sheltered by the sanctity of these walls. Believe me, holy father, freedom of conversation is far less likely to corrupt the heart than solitude and weariness.” “Who, in the name of wonder, is this little chatterer?” asked the surprised but mollified archbishop.—“I am sister Claudine, my lord, formerly Mademoiselle de Tencin. I received the veil from you some few months ago, though a very wealthy and noble gentleman professed me his heart and hand.” Lecamus was a better theologian than logician. He quoted the rules of the Order, and of several long passages from St. Augustine, to all of which Claudine replied by clever appeals to his feelings, until at length the archbishop compromised the matter, by permitting the nuns to retain their freedom, on condition of giving up their guitars and mandolines, and banishing romances from their library.”

We shall be excused from following the stages of the Lady's promotion from the Convent at Grenoble to the *Palais Royal*. Enough to add, that from political ambition such as beset the Regent's mistress, Madame de Tencin passed into literature: and towards the close of her life began to play that great social part by which alone her name is generally remembered.

“Great was the astonishment of Paris when Madame de Tencin appeared before the world as an authoress. * * From the moment of her first appearance in print, Madame de Tencin's saloons became the rendezvous of the leading philosophers and writers of the age. Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Marian, Astruc, Helvetius, and many others, were her daily guests; she applied all her energies to extend their fame and the circulation of their works, with the same ardent boldness which she had previously displayed in more questionable pursuits. ‘The Spirit of Laws’ appeared under her patronage; she purchased two hundred copies of the work to distribute among her acquaintances; and as no one was admitted to her saloons who had not studied the works she patronised, her recommendations had all the force of the despotic edicts of fashion. Several other ladies followed her example, and for some time the patronage of literature became almost the rage in Paris; but no saloons ever rivalled those of Madame de Tencin, because nowhere else was so much discrimination shown in the selection of guests. An invitation to Madame de Tencin's suppers soon became an object of ambition in Paris. Literary merit was the only passport to these assemblies; rank and fortune were of no avail when this great requisite was wanting. She called the wits gathered round her ‘the beasts of her menagerie,’ and compelled them to submit to her whims and caprices. One of these was very singular. She presented each of her favourites annually with a pair of breeches of black velvet, and insisted that they should be worn as her livery in the evening assemblies. Proud as M. de Montesquieu was, he had to receive this strange boon like the rest. The ‘Gazette de France’ avers that more than eight thousand yards of velvet had been thus used by the amiable canoness. * * Cold and selfish as Fontenelle was, he evinced a strong attachment to Madame de Tencin, never forgetting

the dangers into which she had been led by the study of his ‘Pastorals.’ On the other hand, though she showed warm friendship for the philosopher, she never would permit him to speak of a more tender sentiment. Once, when he professed the most devoted attachment, she smilingly placed her hand on his left breast, and said—“It is not a heart you have there, but a lump of brains, such as is in your head.” * * Claudine de Tencin died in 1749, unjustly calumniated by the Parisian public. It was her fate to be believed innocent during the period of her pastoral intrigues, to be accused of excessive gallantry when she was exclusively devoted to politics, and to be censured for ambition when she had abandoned all other pursuits for the enjoyment of a literary life. She was deeply regretted in her own circle; she left legacies to her chief favourites, all of whom went into mourning as for a near relation. Even Fontenelle grieved for her, and thus characteristically expressed his sorrow.—The loss is irreparable: she knew my tastes, and always provided for me the dishes I preferred. I shall never find such delicate attention paid me at the dinner-table of Madame Geoffrin.”

The words “unjustly calumniated,” albeit they round off a paragraph very smoothly, like *Macbeth's* “Amen” “stick in the throat.” But let them pass: seeing that the wit and the wickedness of those old times in France are past also,—we seriously trust never to return. And though we cannot acquiesce in palliatives carelessly administered, it were lost labour anew to let out the waters of Scandal for the purpose of rectifying a too gentle character. The reader has been shown enough to remind him that there could be no lack of incident in Dr. Taylor's ‘Memoirs’ even long before the days of the Diamond Necklace were reached:—not to mention those later times when Mdlle. Lenormand had the knack of making old Legitimist Ladies of the *Faubourg* sleep thankfully in their beds by promising them the downfall of “Le Roi Citoyen”—the last Louis of Orleans!

Mr. Macaulay's Character of the Clergy in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century considered by C. Babington, M.A., &c. Cambridge, Deighton, London, Rivington.

BEFORE entering into any examination of the points at issue between Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Babington, it is desirable to fix with some degree of precision the period to which the controversy refers. The general description given by Mr. Macaulay of the social condition of the country gentlemen and the clergy in England is professedly applicable to the century that elapsed between the Restoration of Charles the Second and the Accession of George the Third; during which time there was probably less change in the relations of the several parts and classes of society than in any previous or succeeding century of our history. But the description when it descends into minute particulars must be restricted to the half-century succeeding the accession of James the Second,—from 1685 to about 1735; a period in which there is an abundance of authorities for approximately solving most questions that can arise about manners, customs and social habits.

The first of Mr. Macaulay's statements which Mr. Babington disputes is that which affirms that ecclesiastics of noble families were more rare in England after the Reformation than they had been when the Hierarchy possessed the chief power of the State. It must be observed that this is not brought forward by Mr. Macaulay as a charge or imputation against the Church; he does not assert, or even insinuate, that it would have been more efficient or useful as a national institution had its dignities been monopolized by the scions of aristocracy. As we read the passage, it assigns a reason for the popularity of the Reformation with the middle

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classes of England arising out of the opening up of the highest church preferments to members of their order. Mr. Babington resents as a reproach a statement which is not so meant. The very passage which he quotes from Chamberlayne to refute Mr. Macaulay really establishes his statement. Chamberlayne says,—“Nor is the present age wholly destitute of this honour”—a phrase proving what Mr. Macaulay had asserted, that in the age spoken of the constitution of the clergy was less aristocratic than it had been in preceding times.

The social position of the clergy must have been to a great degree determined by the political condition of the Church. Let us see the description given of the Church by Bishop Warburton.—

“The rabbins make the giant Gog or Magog contemporary with Noah and convinced by his preaching; so that he was disposed to take the benefit of the Ark. But here lay the distress—it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter it, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you might suppose that in that stormy weather he was more than half boats over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely on Ararat. Image now to yourself this illustrious cavalier mounted on his hackney, and see if it does not bring before you the Church bestrid by some lumpish minister of state, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. The only difference is, that Gog believed the preacher of righteousness and religion.”

The same divine gives another and not less characteristic version of this whimsical comparison.—

“The Church, like the Ark of Noah, is worth preserving, nor for the sake of the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality that was as much distressed by the tempest within.”

Swift frequently assailed the Irish bishops, most of whom were in his day importations from England. He says of them:—

“Of whom there are not four at most
That know there is a Holy Ghost,
And when they boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it,
And when they gave it, 'tis well known,
They gave what never was their own.”

Many passages could be adduced from the ‘Spectator’ to prove that the condition of the clergyman had sunk very low in social estimation. Thus, a contributor complains,—“The wants of my family made me a parson, my own wants made me an author,” &c.

It would be easy to multiply such citations; but we hasten to a matter more easily determinable by evidence,—the incomes of the clergy. Gregory King, the most able and ingenious expositor of the statistics of the kingdom, published an estimate of the number of persons and the incomes of the several families of England for the year 1688,—which will be found in the second volume of D'Avenant's works. From this we will extract a few items.—

Number of Families.	Rank.	Income per Family.
160 Temporal lords		£3,200 0 0
26 Spiritual lords		1,300 0 0
800 Barons		890 0 0
600 Knights		650 0 0
3,000 Esquires		450 0 0
12,000 Gentlemen		260 0 0
2,000 Eminent merchants, &c.		400 0 0
8,000 Lesser merchants, &c.		100 0 0
10,000 Persons in the law		154 0 0
2,000 Eminent clergymen		72 0 0
8,000 Lesser clergymen		50 0 0
40,000 Freeholders of the better sort		21 0 0
120,000 Freeholders of the lesser sort		35 0 0
150,000 Farmers		42 10 0

Now, if this estimate has any pretensions to accuracy—and King's high character is entitled to much weight—Mr. Macaulay is perfectly justified in asserting that “rectors and vicars must have been, as compared with the neighbouring knights and squires, much poorer in

the seventeenth than in the nineteenth century.”

That the clergy were treated as inferiors by the gentry in the age to which we refer, is distinctly stated by the ‘Tatler,’ No. 255; but Mr. Babington contends that the description is applicable only to the class of chaplains—and does not extend to the clergy generally. On this point we have very little evidence which can be deemed decisive; but Hannah More observes in her ‘Cœlebs’ that the picture of a country clergyman drawn by Addison in the ‘Spectator’ gave a very depressing view both of his position and of his attainments;—and this certainly is the general effect of all the references made to the social position of the clergy by the early Essayists.

The triumphant tone which Mr. Babington assumes on discovering that Mr. Macaulay's chief authority for the portraiture of a Tory squire was originally designed for a Whig is a little misplaced. The *genus* Squire was but slightly modified by the *species* Whig or Tory. Fielding and Smollett have left us pictures of country squires agreeing in all important respects with the descriptions of Mr. Macaulay.—We are disposed to regard as a decisive proof of the low estimation in which the clergy were held at this period the paucity of the materials for illustrating their condition. But the utmost that follows from making these admissions is, that the Church suffered in common with all other classes from the coarseness and corruptions of the age. Profligacy under Charles the Second, subserviency under James the Second, and schism after the Revolution could not but have had most injurious effects upon the Church and the clergy. We think these effects have been vigorously traced by Mr. Macaulay. Generically they are what the circumstances of the times would have led us to expect:—and Mr. Babington's great error is, that he does not allow sufficient weight to such presumption in the interpretation of incidental notices of details.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Before and After. 2 vols.—“In joining contrasts lieth Love's delight,” said Sir Thomas Clifford, in ‘The Hunchback’:—to which we may more prosaically add, *ditto* as regards the Novelist. Within the last twenty years, we have had ‘First and Last,’ ‘Now and Then,’ ‘Night and Morning,’ ‘Black and White,’ ‘Hill and Valley,’ ‘Rich and Poor,’ ‘St. Giles and St. James’:—and the tale of many tales before us is by no means the worst of the family. The scene is a small town, “before” and “after” the promulgation of the new ideas which some believe are entirely to revolutionize poor old aristocratic England, in spite of the efforts of “Young England” to lead it back to symbolism in religion, and to May-poles and wrestling matches by way of diversion. Such, we repeat, appears to have been our author's first idea: but he has been afraid to trust to it—or else, by way of rendering his miscellany attractive, he has inwrought sundry episodical histories which have small connexion with Stagerton either before or after the passing of the Reform Bill. To give to any collection of separate *novellettes* consistency, there must be a framework,—such as Sterne and Miss Mitford have furnished by introducing themselves as part and parcel of the show,—and to provide for which other fiction makers have had recourse to humourist uncles, and similar personages. Here, we have the gatherer's despotic aunt. On the whole, the shrewdness and variety of invention in these tales exceeds the power of writing displayed in them—or that attribute hardly less requisite taste. Both the latter gifts, however, are susceptible of cultivation by one willing to take counsel and resolute to excel: whereas to pick up humours and make plots come by nature,—are graces which no study can supply.

Benjamin Franklin: his Autobiography, with a Narrative of his Public Life and Services. By the Rev. H. Hastings Weld. With numerous designs

by J. G. Chapman.—When we say that this book is illustrated to our liking, we intend the statement to convey high praise:—since few autobiographies hold a more honoured place in our regard than Benjamin Franklin's. There is heart as well as head in it; the plainness and the poetry of true—as distinct from tawdry—Republican energy and achievement. It is written in a style which we hope we shall never cease to relish. It is calculated from the *professional* tone of its incidents to be expressly dear to all literary men, and to all who are interested in the circulation of knowledge and in the record of progress.—By the majority of book-illustrators fed on the patronage and requisitions of those “having albums,” such a subject might not be thought to hold out any strong temptations. The mixture of practical with picturesques which it contains is calculated to baffle the mediocrities. Most satisfactorily has the difficulty been provided for by Mr. Chapman: some of whose designs, moreover, are capitally rendered on wood—making the volume a truly attractive one, without vesting it of the value which belongs to a library book. We have dwelt upon the illustrations rather than upon the memoir by Mr. Hastings Weld; because the latter portion of the volume, however well executed, could hardly fail to come before us at a disadvantage, the quality of the former part considered. As a companion, Franklin is little less trying to a modern writer than that Archimage of nervous writing, William Cobbett

A Lift for the Lazy is an American parlour-window book. But wherefore, O American gleaner, is it not, at all American? You have a Past of strange shapeless literature, of adventure, discovery and primitive character—rudely put together, it may be,—or rather not put together at all—out of which a thoughtful and philosophical reader, endowed with fineness of perception and skill of touch—say a Flint or a Hawthorne—might dig many facts, traits and passages at least as interesting to yourselves as ‘The South-Sea Bubble,’ the ‘Sicilian Vespers,’ or the derivation of ‘Riff Raff’—and far more interesting to your “over-sea kindred.”—The following entry and anecdote are new to us.—

Suicides.—A writer in the ‘Annales d'Hygiène,’ who has examined about 9,000 judicial inquests of Paris, from 1796 to 1830, thinks himself warranted in assuming—1. That philosophical or premeditated suicide takes place in the night, or a little before daybreak. 2. That accidental or unpremeditated suicide takes place during the day; because it is then that the occasional causes occur, such as quarrels, bad news, losses at play, intemperance, &c. At every age man chooses a particular mode of committing suicide. In youth he has recourse to hanging, which he soon abandons for fire-arms: in proportion as his vigour declines, he returns to his former mode; and it is most commonly by hanging, that the old man perishes, who puts an end to his existence.”

“Quidnunc, meaning, literally, ‘What now?’ is another name for newsmonger. Miss Martineau used to tell a pleasant story about one of the class, who, taking advantage of the interest excited among scientific men in relation to the Ross and Back Expeditions, was more than usually annoying by his fussy questions.—‘Sir David! Sir David!’ he called out at the top of his voice, one fine morning in London. Sir David Brewster, who was riding down the street in somewhat of a hurry, drew up his horse, and approached the speaker. ‘Any news from the North Pole, Sir David?’—‘D—n the North Pole!’ was the angry reply of the philosopher, as he hastily pursued his way again, leaving the quidnunc transfixed with amazement. ‘What is the matter, Mr. —?’ inquired the Rev. Sydney Smith, who came up immediately after the occurrence. The unfortunate man told his story, and dilated upon the style of the answer he had received—‘so unbecoming in a man of his standing—so abrupt, not to say profane, D—n the North Pole!’—‘Poh, poh! my dear Sir,’ said his comforter, ‘you must not mind all that Sir David says. He is a singular man. You would scarcely believe it, but I assure you it is only a few evenings ago that I heard him, before a large company, speak in the most disrespectful terms of the Equator.’”

Why must it be left to the periodicals of “the old country” to stir up America to a sense of her own national strength and riches? The first of the above

pair, our readers see, is Parisian,—the second belongs to Holland-house.

The Child's First English Grammar. By Richard Hiley.—*The Child's First Geography.* By Richard Hiley.—Both useful little manuals prepared by an experienced teacher. There are two faults, however, in the Grammar—which we hope to see mended in case of a second edition. First, the style in which it is written is wanting in simplicity and clearness. There are far too many long words which must be hard for a child to understand. The other fault perpetuates the absurd practice of attempting to teach correct English by means of incorrect exercises. What use can there be in familiarizing the mind and eye with error?

A Letter to the Rt. Hon. Lord John Russell, &c., suggesting a Plan for the Adjustment of the Relations between Landlord and Tenant in Ireland. By Sir Augustus W. Hillary, Bart.—A pamphlet worthy of attention from those who are studying “the great difficulty.”

The Moderate Monarchy; or Principles of the British Constitution, described in a Narrative of the Life and Maxims of Alfred the Great and his Counsellors. From the German of Albert v. Haller. To which are added, Notes and Commentaries on the present state of the British Constitution. By Francis Steinitz.—Albert von Haller, as our readers know, was a famous man in Germany before the literary Titans of that country arose. His works are numerous and varied. Among other things, he wrote a triad of historical romances, illustrating in his way the principles of Despotism (in ‘Usung’), Monarchy (in ‘Alfred’), and Republicanism (in ‘Fabius and Cato’). These works, based on history but by no means following its *litera scripta* further than suited the requirements of the romancer’s art, have long since descended—and worthy—to the tomb of all learned trash. Mr. Steinitz had, however, read these works in his youth; now that troublous times have come upon his age, he thinks it may be useful for the rising generation to return to the “serene wisdom” of the decades which preceded the first French Revolution. He insists that Von Haller’s ‘Alfred’ is history—and defies all the chroniclers. The English reader will smile at a writer who, in this day, chooses to go back to the time of Alfred for an exposition of our “glorious constitution.” It appears to us, however, that Mr. Steinitz merely uses Haller—whose share in the work is only about a third of the printed matter—for his own end: that end being to gain currency for certain reflections, notes, observations, and philosophizings on history in general and on the development of the Saxons in particular. Now, if he had anything to say on these matters which he deemed it needful for the world to know, why not write an independent book? Why dig up Haller, and make him responsible for sins which are not of his commission? This indirect course can hardly have been taken through timidity on the part of Mr. Steinitz—for he is troubled apparently with few doubts. He dogmatizes most emphatically—and arranges his platitudes and paradoxes in lines of such startling capitals and self-asserting italics as might almost overwhelm a quiet, peace-loving reader. The writer who has courage to tell an English public that “the commercial spirit is incompatible with patriotism,”—and that “liberty, which is founded on custom and precedent, does not admit of innovations”—must be no ordinary man: and indeed the heights to which he soars and the depths to which he descends baffle our critical powers completely. It is only when he walks on the level of general intelligence that we catch such glimpses of his meaning as the axioms now quoted afford. But that he is capable of much loftier things let the following observations testify.

“The propensities of nations often lose the original purity of their early consecration, and the races, abandoned to themselves, will hardly continue, as they ought, in their primitive state. It is therefore necessary that they should be led, until their tottering inclinations are once more strengthened and sufficiently purified to be again abandoned to themselves, to procure a life of unconscious truth.”

If the reader can make anything of this—and likes to work in such a quarry—we can recommend him to a better acquaintance with ‘Moderate Monarchy.’ If not,—not.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—We copy the following from the *Morning Herald*. The paragraph which was inserted in this paper relative to the appointment of Mr. Robinson, Dentist of Gower-street, has been calculated to mislead, we deem it right to state that Mr. Robinson received the usual warrant of appointment as “Surgeon-dentist to His Royal Highness Prince Albert” from the Marquis of Abercorn, his Royal Highness’s Groom of the Stole. It was announced by an error in some of the papers, that the appointment was that of surgeon-dentist “in ordinary,” and an intimation was conveyed to Mr. Robinson that the announcement as in this respect informal, but not satisfied with a correction of the error, “in ordinary,”—a warrant was inserted in several of the papers, *upon what authority remains to be seen*, stating that the appointment itself was “utterly unfounded,” and that “it had never been even contemplated.” Mr. Robinson felt it due to his own character to explain the circumstances and exhibit his warrant of appointment to us, as well as to other parties. The result of a lengthened correspondence has been an advertisement from the Marquis of Abercorn, stating that the appointment had been sent by him to Mr. Robinson, “through inadvertence,” and was “thereby withdrawn.” The whole of the circumstances connected with this affair are so extraordinary, and the manner in which Mr. Robinson has been treated so uncourteous, that we understand, acting upon the advice of his friends, it is his determination to lay the whole of the facts before the public.

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MY BOOKS.

My benison upon you, Books,—
Upon your ever-constant looks!
Still the same seems every tome
To welcome me as I come home.

Now from daily task release,
I can hold my nightly feast;
With philosophers discourse,
Wonder at polemics hoarse,—
Feed on rhyme or flirt with rumour,
As may best befit my humour.

Blessed comforters are ye,—
Well-springs of serenity,—
Curing all sad perturbations
With your silent inspirations!
Bitter thought ye soothe, I wist,
Leading Fancy as ye list.
When the soul is running riot,
Ye restore her with your quiet;
Or from brooding sorrow weave,
Scene revealing after scene—
Pointing upwards to the Holy,
Guiding downwards to the Lowly,
Drawing onwards to the Right,
Love inspiring—or delight—
As I turn your varied pages,
Stamped with brain-work of the ages.

Oh, how sweet when I come home
To see around me many a tame :
Here to revel—there to muse,
Glean or wander as I chuse!
One or two—so seems to me—
Throb with echoes from the sea,
And in some my sense perceives
The melody of forest leaves;
Here is one—a bosom book—
That bubbles like a mountain brook;
Another yet is gorgeous, still,
As sunset on a distant hill.
Endless landscapes cross my room,
Fancy-decked in twilight gloom ;
Autumn, Winter, Summer, Spring,
Wizard books, ye changeful bring !
Something apt for each emotion,
Love, or gladness, or devotion.
Ye to me—instead of wife,
Instead of child—are second life.

Ye at will give up your knowledge
Such as may befit a college,
Tortured into rigid rules,
Vexed with learning of the schools :—
Or ye proffer information
With an easy salutation,
As tho’ meant, with purpose sly,
To put one off till by-and-by,
And leave me, after all endeavour,
In doubt of what is wise or clever.

Some of ye are as a stream
In whose depths rare jewels gleam.
Happy he who kneels to drink,
Leaning o’er the steepy brink,
Catching through the current’s flow
Flashes from the gems below.

Admonishers of strife and folly,
Soothers of black melancholy,
Gentle, most persuasive Teachers,
Or authoritative Preachers ;
Companions full of life and spirit,
Mentors who some grudge inherit,
Sometimes full of queerest fancies,
Vague as jack-o’-lantern dances :—
Other while ye are as prim
As Quakers neat, sedate, and trim.
Three or four are jolly fellows,
Whom time fortifies and mellows ;
Some make pretensions to be witty,
Others chant a stirring ditty :—
Suiting every time and season
With a rhyme or with a reason.

Books beloved, ye are to me
An unretiring family :
Ye for each day’s irritation
Always bring a compensation.
How shall sadness come or gloom
While ye lie about my room,
Looking down from friendly nooks?
—My benison upon you, Books !

OLD ENGLISH ACTORS IN GERMANY.

As the inquiry whether in our dramatic annals there is any reference to a migration of English actors to Germany between the years 1600 and 1615—made by the able reviewer of Bartholdi’s ‘History of the Fruitbearing Society’ in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last [Note in p. 836]—shows that my attempt some years since, in a letter addressed to Mr. Amyot ‘On the Connexion between the Early English and Early German Drama and on the probable Origin of Shakespeare’s *Tempest*,’ to direct the attention of the literary men of this country to a curious point in the history of our Drama, has not been altogether successful,—I will, with your permission, reply to your reviewer’s inquiry, by laying before the readers of the *Athenæum* some amended extracts from the letter in question, and some additional notes on the subject since collected by me as materials towards a small volume which I have long contemplated on the literary intercourse that England formerly maintained with Germany and the Low Countries.

It is now many years since I first “made a print in my Note book” from Franz Horn’s *Poesie und Beredsamkeit der Deutschen*, that at the close of the sixteenth and commencement of the seventeenth century Germany was visited by a company of English players; but it was not until about 1840 that I had an opportunity of referring to his authority for this statement, and ascertaining the more minute particulars which are there recorded relative to this

curious and various and the early E. That the and benefits gave to the been quest most part more espe tingished a novelist, for any pr study of w rates manu givin how active plodded of the pre translated German p. known at This fact 1817, whi *Deutsche drama whi fish—name of the m stage, whi ker of vot for the m. This coll volumes; that no m Each vol which the play ally. I Shrovet Fair Saas German presently on the life of Hans a proctor probably means by English ductions vards the comedian German plays at the end of the en. Such stage enjoy Continent in the N. Germany 100 gro pay of day may trav to the German height to in England. He add himself these con den but he had Tieck really w or your the had tra atical ne German in Germ and favou implies i infaudit distinct receive I have Open Mr. and I ha evidence many at + De*

curious and hitherto neglected fact in the history of the early English drama.

That the dramatists of England exercised a great and beneficial influence in the direction which they gave to the genius of their German brethren has never been questioned. The German critics have for the most part agreed upon this point; which has been more especially insisted on by Ludwig Tieck, distinguished among his countrymen not only as a poet, a novelist, and a critic, but also for his deep reverence for and profound knowledge of Shakspeare,—to the study of whose writings and of those of his contemporaries many years of his life have been almost exclusively devoted. He it was, moreover, who first proved how actively and immediately this influence was employed,—by showing that about the year 1600 many of the productions of the English dramatists were translated into German, and performed before the German public by a company of comedians who were known at that time as the English Company.

This fact was first announced by Tieck in the year 1817, when he commenced the publication of his *Deutsche Theater*, intended to do for the German drama what Doddsley had accomplished for the English—namely, furnish his countrymen with a selection of the most remarkable productions of the national stage, which, from being scattered throughout a number of volumes—many of the greatest rarity—were for the most part inaccessible to the general reader. This collection was to have been extended to six volumes; but it met with so little encouragement, that no more than the first and second ever appeared. Each volume has a preface illustrative of the works which it contains, with an account of their authors:—the plays themselves being arranged chronologically. In the first volume, there are two of the *Sprovetie Plays* of Hans Rosenplut, six pieces by Hans Sachs, five by Jacob Ayer, and one from the German collection of English plays to which I shall presently allude more directly. It is in his remarks on the life and writings of Jacob Ayer—the successor of Hans Sachs as a writer for the German stage, and a proctor and notary at Nuremberg, where he lived probably till about 1618*—and when showing the means by which Ayer acquired a knowledge of those English models upon which he supposes his late productions to have been founded, that Tieck brings forward the fact that about the year 1600 a company of comedians called the English Company traversed Germany performing German translations of English plays at most of the principal courts and chief cities of the empire.

"Such," says Tieck,† "was the popularity which the stage enjoyed in London, and such was its reputation on the Continent, that troops of players occasionally proceeded to the Netherlands for the purpose of exhibiting their performances; and we can trace in Germany about the year 1600 (probably some years earlier) the existence of a company of comedians who under the title of the English Company travelled the country round, for the purpose of giving the German public some idea, however imperfect, of the delight to which poetry and the dramatic art had attained in England."

He adds, in a note upon this passage, that he had himself ascertained the dates of the years in which these comedians performed before the Court of Dresden—but had unfortunately mislaid the notes which he had made of them.

Tieck does not attempt to decide who these actors really were:—whether they were natives of England, or young Germans connected with the Hanse Company then established in London, or persons who had travelled from Germany to England on a theoretical speculation for the purpose of securing a stock of new dramas; but his description of the volume of German translations of English plays published in Germany in 1620, which he supposes—and no doubt correctly—to have emanated from them, favours the supposition that they were, as their name implies, a company of English players. The same inference may be drawn from one decided instance which Tieck gives of English actors being found in Germany. He is speaking of the marks of distinction with which professed players were then received in that country; and after stating that the

magistrates of the different cities were in the habit of going out to meet them on their approach, he adds that Lascenius, one of the earliest actors whose name is preserved,—and who, as he was playing about the year 1600, might possibly have belonged to this very troop—became afterwards a Doctor of Theology and preacher at the Court of Denmark: and that another, Hans von Stockfisch, (probably an assumed theatrical name) received a salary of two hundred and twenty dollars and other allowances from John Sigismund, Elector of Brandenburg, for whom he procured a company of comedians from England and the Netherlands about the year 1614.

Tieck, who regards the English company of comedians as having exercised an extraordinary influence on the German drama by the direction which they gave to the theatrical compositions of Jacob Ayer, describes very fully the extremely interesting volume which he supposes to have emanated from them. It was first printed in 1620; and its quaint old-fashioned title may be thus translated:—*'English Comedies and Tragedies; that is, right pleasant, noble and select, sacred and profane Comedies and Tragedies, with the humours of Pickled Herring,—which, on account of their pleasant invention, merry conceits, and true histories, have been acted and performed by the Englishmen in Germany at Royal, Electoral, and Princely Courts, and in the great Imperial, Maritime, and Commercial Cities of the Empire, but have never been printed. Now published and set forth for the gratification and delight of all lovers of Comedy and Tragedy,' &c.* To this volume a second and a third were subsequently added:—neither of them, however, containing anything of importance with reference to the present subject. But the original collection—which is very rare, although a second edition appeared in 1630—contains, in addition to a number of Interludes and Merriments or Jigs, no less than eight old English dramatic pieces translated into the very commonest German prose,—printed very incorrectly, and seemingly written down from the recitation of unskillful actors, being filled with uncouth phrases and misapplied words, the construction of the sentences being anything but German, and the whole abounding with coarse equivocans and obscene allusions.

I am warned by the space which these notices have already occupied to pass over (at all events for the present) the particulars of these old English dramas, that I may now furnish some proofs from our own literature of our old English comedians having visited the Continent.

The first is taken from an article by Mr. Bruce, in the first volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers,—and is a passage of a letter from Sir Philip Sydney to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, his father-in-law, dated Utrecht, the 24th of March, 1586: in which he says—“I wrote to you a letter by Will, my Lord of Lester's jesting plainer, enclosed in a letter to my wife, and he never had answer thereof.” It may be objected that this passage shows only the probability that the Earl of Leicester's players accompanied him to the Low Countries:—but in the course of his inquiry as to “who was Will, my Lord of Leicester's jesting player,” Mr. Bruce furnishes a striking and positive proof of the existence and commonness of the practice of English actors migrating to the Continent, which had been handed to him by Mr. Wright. It occurs in *De Bry, Ind. Orient. Part xii. p. 137*, printed in 1613. The writer is describing Japan.—

Vigesimo primo ejusdem mensis die rex item Angelorum nomen petit, namque stipulatum mulierum cetera, quae omnes nunc erant, actrices comediarum, et saltatrix. Solent autem huius mulierum agnire facto obrere per provincias et oppida, actura Comedias, ut Angli ludiones per Germaniam et Galliam ragentur, vehentes secum omnis generis vestes et instrumenta histriónica, pro exigentia fabularum quas insurauit, in quibus frequentissima sunt argumenta beli, amoris, et ejusmodi.

More direct evidence of the practice it would be difficult to meet with.

Some more precise statements are certainly to be found:—as the following from Heywood's “Apology for Actors,” printed in 1612, and reprinted for the Shakespeare Society under the editorship of Mr. Collier:—who remarks in a note upon “the strange accident” which forms the second of my quotations, “No date is given,—but circumstances show that it must have been subsequent to 1602.”

“At the entertainment of the Cardinal Alfonso and the Infant of Spain in the Low-Countries, they were presented at Antwerp with sundry pageants and plays; the King of Denmark, father to him that now reigneth, entertained into his service a company of English comedians, commanded unto him by the Honourable the Earle of Leicester; the Duke of Brunswick and the Landgrave of Hessen retain in their courts certaine of ours of the same quality.” p. 40.

In a subsequent part of his ‘Apology,’ after relating a strange accident happening at a play at Penryn, in Cornwall, Heywood proceeds:—

“Another of the like wonder happened at Amsterdam in Holland. A company of our English Comedians (well knowne) trauelling those countries, as they were before the Englers and other the chief inhabitants, acting the last part of the

‘Four Sons of Aymon,’ towards the last act of the history, where penitent Rinaldo, like a common labourer lived in disguise, vowing as his last penance to labour and carry burdens to the structure of a goodly church there to be erected; whose diligence the labourers envying, since by reason of his stature and strength he did usually perfect more worke in a day than a dozen of the best (hee working for his conscience, they for their lucre) whereupon, by reason his industry had so much di-paraged their living, conspired among themselves to kill him, waiting some opportunity to find him asleep, which they might easly doe since the sores labourers are the soundest sleepers, and industry is the best preparative to rest. Having spy'd their opportunity, they drove a nail into his temples, of which wound immediately he dyed. As the actors handled this, the audience might on a sodaine understand an outcry and loud shriek in a remote gallery; and pressing about the place, they might perceive a woman of great gravity strangely amazed, who with distracted and troubled braine oft sithed out these words, ‘Oh, my husband, my husband!’ The play, without further interruption, proceeded; the woman was to her owne house conducted, without any apparent suspition; every one conjecturing as their fancy led them. In this agony she some few dayes languished; and on a time, as certaine of her well disposed neighbours came to comfort her, one amongst the rest being churchwarden: to him the sexton post, to tell him of a strange thing happening to him in the ripping up of a grave; see here (quoth he) what I have found; and shewes them a faire skull with a great nayle pierst quite through the braine-pan. But we cannot conjecture to whom it should belong, nor how long it hath lain in the earth, the grave being confus'd and the flesh consum'd. At the report of this accident, the woman, out of the trouble of her afflicted conscience, di-covered a former murder; for twelve years ago, by driving that nayle into that skull, being the head of her husband, she had treacherously slain him. This being publickly confess'd, she was arraigned, condemned, adjudged, and burned.” pp. 35—60.

Mr. Collier, in his ‘Memoirs of Actors,’ p. 143, quotes a passage from ‘The Run-aways Answer to a Book called “A Rodde for Runn-aways,”’ printed in 1625—which shows clearly that English actors went to play on the Continent when they were prevented from performing in the metropolis.—“We can be bankrupts (they say) on this side, and gentlemen of a company beyond the sea; we burst at London and are pieced up at Rotterdam.”

Mr. Halliwell, in his Notes to the ‘Coventry Plays,’ edited by him for the Shakespeare Society, gives from the Sloane MS. 392, fol. 401, the following proof of Will Kemp's wanderings in Germany and Italy:—but whether he sojourned as “performing a dance” or as one of a company, does not appear.

“1601, September 2. Kemp, minus quidam, qui peregrinacionem quadratum in Germaniam et Italiam instituerat, per multos errores et infortunia sua, reversus; multa refert de Antonio Sherly, equite aurato, quem Romae (legatum Persicum agente) convenerat.”

Lastly, Mr. Collier has printed in the ‘Alleyne Papers,’ (p. 19) a curious letter from one Richard Jones, belonging, it appears, to a company of English actors who were going to perform abroad,—and who applies it to Alleyne for pecuniary assistance.—

“Sir,—This it is, I am to go over beyond the seas wt Mr. Browne and the company, but not by his meanes, for he is put to half a shair, and to stay hear, for they ar all against his going: now, good Sir, as you have ever by me worthie friend, so helpe me now. I have a sute of clothes and a cloake at paire, for three pound, and if it shall please you to lend me so much to release them, I shal be bound to pray for you so longe as I leve; for if I go over and have no clothes, I shall not be esteemed of; and by God's help, the first money that I gett I will send it over unto you, for hear I get nothing.”

I am writing this in the country and away from my books; but I have an impression that some curious information on this subject is to be found in the Rev. Joseph Hunter's recently published and valuable ‘Illustrations of Shakespeare,’—and that I have references to other foreign notices upon the same point. It is time, however, to conclude a communication which has grown to greater length than I intended.

WILLIAM J. THOMS.

* I have lately had the good fortune to secure a copy of the ‘Opus Dramatum’ of Jacob Ayer, through the agency of Mr. Asher, the highly intelligent bookseller of Berlin: and I have been promised by that gentleman some curious evidence of the presence of English comedians in Germany at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

† ‘Deutsche Theater’—Vorrede zum ersten Bande, s. xxii

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE THIER-GARTEN.

NOTHING can be more intricate and labyrinthine than the Thier-garten:—which is a great park, west of the town, stuck as thick with trees as the head is with hair. But it is a divine wood! To be sure, it would be fitter for any other place than this,—where there is never any sun to keep away.

You will conceive the bearings by supposing Hyde Park to stand for the Thier-garten, and all Hyde Park to be as thickly planted as Kensington Gardens. Then, imagine Brook Street to be an immensely broad mall, planted with a double row of lime trees:—that would be our Unter den Linden. Imagine Grosvenor Gate to be like the portico of the Regent Park's Coliseum:—that would be our Brandenburg Thor, leading from Unter den Linden into the Thier-garten. Then you must fancy an endless perspective of road through the tall trees away from Grosvenor Gate right through the Park in a line with Brook Street:—that would be our road to Charlottenburg—a sort of Kensington, where the king has a palace. So that, when you stand under the great Doric columns at Brandenburg Thor, looking down this green vista, you have two great semi-circles of woods on the right and on the left. These are interpenetrated by a thousand paths,—straight, winding, oblique, broad, narrow,—cutting one another at all angles,—sometimes running off into endless vistas, at others landing you suddenly on the edge of some oval basin, a furlong in length, hedged with lilies and laurustinus, and swarming with gold fish. Statues abound. Then, there is a countless variety of trees. An aromatic odour warns you that you are near the pine wood: you linger enjoying the spicy smell, and gazing up their scaly, salmon-coloured, tall stems, which throw out no branches till at the top they spread out into a palmy umbrella. Beneath your feet there is a world of tiny flowers.—I take particular delight in walking through a wood of pines. There is something that charms me in the texture of the ground underneath, from the accumulation of those little bristle-like twigs that are continually falling, elastic and noiseless, and dry without dust,—so that the ground is always pleasant, whether the time be wet or sunny. Then, it reminds me of the Cascine at Florence,—where the noblest pines are. Long tracts of water lie under the trees:—now so narrow you can jump across them,—now spreading into great lakes with tufted isles, which a married pair of swans seem to have for their private demesne. I often throw myself down on the sloping bank of grass, covered with my big Spanish cloak, watching these great conjugal creatures, who seem to understand one another so much better than human pairs. It is but a poor gift after all that of speech, where the mute inner harmony whose tones are so much truer and more expressive is wanting. The swan does not say to his mate, "Do you do the house-business and sweep out the rooms, while I sit here and smoke my pipe?" But she does her domestic duties without the asking, and gets into the great nest,—while he goes down to the water-edge, and there, with a splash of sunshine coming down between the trees, twirls his regal neck, as idle as a Pasha. A great black glossy curly half-setter half-Newfoundland dog suddenly comes bounding into my solitary swan-world:—now, my crested gentleman turns around his black knob, extends his wings, launches himself, and comes hissing like all the snakes about Megara's head—more warlike than a Danish corvette, sailing nine knots an hour towards the great black dog. Neptune bounds about and barks; but the bellicose attitude of the swan fairly frightens him,—and he runs away for his life to the top of the bank, where he turns about again to bark. The swan having established a blockade, seems satisfied that Nep is a paltry fellow,—and treats the matter more calmly. Meanwhile, a whistle is heard, a military youth appears between the trees; and Neptune takes the excuse for shaking a parting alarm into the swan by rushing half-way down the bank, and then tumbling back,—and lolling out his red tongue scampers off with all his might; while the solemn bird rows back to whence he came, and resumes his Pasha seat.

Here are creeks with bathing water-lilies,—and

mysterious nooks where in the gloom great soft dock-shaped leaves brood, with a busy crowd of bead-eyed flowers pushing up their merry heads between and the thick rank grass lying in deep soft beds around. I think I am a mortal of the Jaques kidney; a travelled contemplative man, whose step startles not the bright-eyed squirrel on the path,—the shy inmate of these solitudes. How infinitely delicious to me are those moments in which I can ascend into this other world, in which the whole soul overflows in love towards things that have no relation to active social existence! Why is it that the smell of the moist bark of this mossy tree against which I lean my cheek brings tears into my eyes? Why do I look upon this ten-coloured lichen which freckles the stem as tenderly as if it were the eye of some beloved woman? What is it that I pursue and seek and find in these moist labyrinths, under the shade of melancholy trees? Like touches of heavenly music, like loud and swelling sounds of instrumental harmony, burst, breaking the soft bondage of clouds, moist rays of mellow sunshine, growing brighter!—But you are tired of this twaddle:—and I will go off to something else.

Yet I will not leave the Thier-garten. Here we are again at Brandenburg Thor. How the little coloured droshkies (cabs) swarm in and out! Here, at the corner of the left-hand wood, is a little green pavilion like a Turkish tent. It is a large camera-obscura. The picture of the Brandenburg Thor which lies upon the round table looks so like a picture painted in oils, that nothing but the moving about of the figures could persuade me it was anything else. Then, the illusion is heightened by the smell:—the table being covered with an oiled canvas. How much brighter the colours look than in nature:—and everything so neat and clean! A mud-cart looks a dainty object, —and the dirtiest maid-servants are bright as nymphs. The sentinel keeps on pacing up and down with his musket on his shoulder and his spiked helmet,—and the dandies ride out between the great columns. How beautiful all horses look:—even the cab-jades! All is glorified, and purified of meanness, filth, misery,—and an unreal happiness and beauty clothe all. Surely these are fairies,—this group of laughing girls! And what peachy tints lie on their naked arms! That drooping bel dame looks the poetical expression of Age: and this cradle drawn along, with a green silk hood to shade the dreaming babe, —what artist could have put in a contrast which hits the thought more sensibly! How well I seem to see life in this picture: yet were I moving outside I should be dazzled and stunned and hustled,—and should lose completely the whole, the parts, and the expression of all which now I see so clearly in this hushed magic little circle. There are two strings which pull about a slanted looking-glass at the top, —so that you may look down half-a-dozen vistas one after the other. Up one an officer is galloping a chestnut horse down the road to Charlottenburg. He is riding straight at me;—how shall I escape him? Now he is very near, his figure all blurred disappears into some unintelligible limbo. I trace an omnibus till it becomes a point. And over all, the fairy trees are trembling!

Now, let us get out of this. See, as the curtain of the tent is drawn aside, how the beautiful bright picture is swept away by the in-flooding light—as a water-colour drawing by a sponge,—and the chalky-white ground glares in cold naked reality. What a painful impression! Let us steer clear of the moral,—and pursue our walk: going round the Thier-garten to the left. Here is what they call the English garden. A lot of oldish women seem to be filling water-buckets out of a pool: thence they fill their watering-pots, and rain a tremendous shower upon the flower-beds. With what a want of tenderness they do this! These purple bells like fox-glove, on their long slender stems like tulip-stalks,—how they are wounded and trounced by this rude deluge! These brutal fish-wives, fit only to stew the food of beggars, how came they to be trusted with a tendance that needs the gentleness and loving care of a Perdita:—swinging their huge watering-pots to and fro, and slaying the tender stalks as a thunder shower might in a corn-field? And here is a moon-calf of a fellow letting fly the hose of a water-engine, positively with its sucker in the same pond, at the buds of a tree,—as if he wanted to purge them well

of their glue! All this reminds me of the cruelty with which unfeeling nurses wash little children.—*Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*

The left of the road which borders the wood is set with pretty villas; and between these are deep recesses, which to call beer-gardens is to give an abominable and vulgar name to the most tasteful resorts,—to which Cremorne and such places are as dirt by comparison. Every day, at one or other of these rural *cafés* there is a concert of the finest instrumental music in the world,—where for 6d, you may hear Beethoven performed to admiration while you take your ice or smoke your weed.

Now, having landed you thus fairly on the ground of prose,—I will leave you on the green seat in the harbour: where you may go to sleep while the cadences of Sonata n break like waves upon your drowsy sense.

S. M.

Mont D'Or, Auvergne, August.

WHILE absent from the more immediate influences of the *Athenæum*, it is some comfort to me to pour into its familiar columns some of my troubles of the road. Let no man bound for the central or southern portions of France be tempted by the railway to Bourges, expecting to find there many conveyances to carry him onwards. Conveyances is the form of lumbering diligences there are; but they are all what the French call *voitures de passage*, having travelled from Paris on the railway-wheel, and being furnished with a set of wheels at the terminus. These diligences are almost invariably full of passengers from Paris; and unless you happen to be particularly fortunate, you may have to wait for days ere you can attain to the not very enviable privilege of a seat in the *rotonde*.

Desirous of seeing Bourges, I sped to that ancient city by the railway from Orleans. Not a single conveyance was to be had thence to Clermont. "You must," said the landlord of the *Bœuf Couronné*, "proceed to Néronde, the present terminus of the railway, about twenty miles beyond Bourges, and there you will find diligences to Clermont." My host despatched me early in the day: but on arriving at Néronde—a mere village, barren of everything to interest even the most patient traveller—I was told that the diligence for my destination arrived at ten at night from Paris. Seats were booked *conditionally* on there being room. How I got over my day is to me, now, a marvel. But time passes on—even in a dirty French village: and night and the diligence—came at last. Of course, it was full! There was room, however, in one going to Moulins:—better to proceed so far than to remain where I was. So I went to Moulins,—which I reached at 8 o'clock in the morning. Here, with two other gentlemen also going to Clermont, I was transferred to a villainous, broken-sprung species of cabriolet,—whose merit in my eyes was, that it might from its antiquity have been the identical one in which Sterne travelled. In this machine, drawn by one horse, we left Moulins at the rate of some three miles an hour: a speed which gave rise to a dreamy hope that Clermont might perhaps be reached in a week. However, better things were in store for us:—for after travelling two hours, we were overtaken by a diligence which bore Clermont on its panniers. There were three places,—one in the *banquette*, one in the *coupé*, and the third in the *rotonde*; and gladly leaving the snail-paced cabriolet, we betook ourselves to these,—and in the course of the afternoon found ourselves under the welcome shade of the mountains of Auvergne.

I have dwelt thus long on my difficulties of locomotion because to those to whom time is an object of importance the advice derivable from experience is most valuable. If you desire to proceed without delay to the South of France, take your place at Paris and cling to the diligence from that city. You will be hoisted by means of a powerful crane to a railway truck, and whirled to the end of the line,—proceeding from thence slowly but surely to your destination. Murray's 'Handbook' says nothing of all this. How the inhabitants of the country who may desire to travel to towns in the same or other departments manage, I know not. One thing is certain:—the French are not great lovers of locomotion.

I found the *Hôtel de l'Écu* at Clermont in a state of great excitement consequent on the arrival

of Rachel and a *troupe* of *artistes* from the Odéon. They gave two representations at the theatre: and on both occasions every available spot was occupied. For each performance Rachel received 900 fr.:—a sum which entitled her to travel in greater style and comfort than a diligence affords. But, after her second night, she, her *troupe*, and *thirty-eight* cases of stage-properties moved off in a thundering *first-rate* diligence to Moulins,—to turn the heads of the people of that quiet town.

The most interesting excursion in the vicinity of Clermont is the ascent of the celebrated Puy de Dome. From the summit of this mountain the traveller looks down upon no less than sixty-four extinct volcanoes:—the craters of many of them remaining as perfect and well defined as when they ceased to vomit forth their desolating fires. During some excavations made lately in the vicinity of the Puy, several human skeletons were found in graves of tufted with brick. One had a bracelet on the right arm,—and a sword was lying in a state of great decomposition by the side. Mont D'Or is a journey of eight hours from Clermont. Here are some hundred French ladies and gentlemen drinking, bathing and *doucheing*: very indifferent to the great beauties lying around them, but not so to the pleasures of the table,—whether laid for dinner or for whisky. The manner of existence runs thus:—the baths from 6 till 10; then a breakfast which resembles dinner in every respect but in the absence of soup; riding and promenading until 5, at which hour the real dinner is served,—and done most ample justice to. The company then assemble in the *salon*; where conversation, music, and card-playing fill up the evening. These hours, it is evident, are antagonistic to long excursions:—in my rambles to distant places I have generally been alone. I apprehend that there are few spots so rich in interesting scenery and at the same time so accessible from Paris as Mont D'Or.

Your angling friends may be glad to know that I have killed some fine trout in the neighbouring lakes (one crater of volcanoes) with the artificial fly:—to the great amazement of the peasantry, and even of the visitors, who were utterly ignorant of this mode of fishing. One man when he saw the flies brought me large corks to attach to them, in order that I might be aware when the trout nibbled. The angler must carry his rod and flies with him:—here, he will not find even a hook. My collection of flies has been examined with great curiosity. A gentleman knocked at my door last evening,—and on entering, begged that I would show him the extraordinary contrivances which he had been told I possessed for catching trout.

I have left myself no space to gossip about the new Republic:—but with politics you have happily nothing to do. This you may care to know:—I have not heard a word said by any one of any class in favour of the Republic. Here, as well as in other villages of the mountainous districts of Auvergne, the peasants in the enthusiasm of the first outbreak uprooted large pine trees and transplanted them from their mountain home to the streets,—casting wreaths of wild flowers on their branches, sprinkling them with holy water, and calling them *trees of liberty*. But they took no root. They stand up, sapless, withered sticks:—emblematic of the faded hopes of the Auvergat. Last year, the baths were deserted:—this year, the visitors are very few in number. I am the only Englishman here:—nor have I seen one of my countrymen since I left Paris. C.R.W.

SIDMOUTH, FROM THE SEA.

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow."

THE Captain pointed carelessly,
With careless glance did speak,—
"That's Sidmouth theraway," quoth he,
"And there's our friend High-Peak!"

And silently I turned my face,
And quietly did rise,
And crossed the deck:—but O, sweet place!
My soul was in mine eyes.

Mind, heart, and soul, O, place beloved!
Were in the yearning gaze,

The fixed fond look, that never roved,
That pierced thy veil of haze.

Thou wert asleep, and folded still
Within thy veil of air;
But sunlight crowned thy highest hill,—
High-Peak was gleaming fair.

High-Peak was broad-awake, and smiled;
It had a holy look!
And I unto myself that mild
And cheerful blessing took.

But, lo! the valley woke, and shone;
White specks that glancing lay—
All homes—my heart beheld each one,—
So near my heart were they.

Gold gleams I knew for field and grove—
May-verdure in the sun;
And where, half round the vale I love,
A dusky rim did run,

I saw the fair familiar hills
Green as they are in sooth;
I heard the river and the rills,—
For love made fancy truth.

True am I, O sweet vale, to thee!
And lapsing far away,
At sunrise, on the rolling sea,
Beyond thine azure bay,—

The spirit of thy beauty flew
Dovelike into my breast;
And from thy vernal paths anew
It brought me peace and rest.

M. R.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Duke of Marlborough used to say that a soldier had no business to have "feelings"—and Bonaparte thought an officer needed to understand only mathematics. In our own more aristocratic mess-rooms, the theory is that every member is a gentleman—and a gentleman of course must be a man of education. How far this latter clause has been a verity we are now furnished with some sort of criteria for determining. Our readers are aware that the question of "Education for the Army" has been for some time under discussion, and that even the authorities at the Horse Guards have become pressing advocates of reform in this particular. The Commander-in-chief—against whom certain Gothic sentiments in relation to the culture of the soldier are still remembered—has accordingly issued the programme of an educational test to be henceforth imposed upon every gentleman before he can be recommended to wear a sword in his country's behalf. From the height to which the mental status of the officer is now raised under the high-pressure of the times, we may look down upon the level with which we must infer that authority has in respect of him hitherto been content. It is now gravely demanded of the candidate who shall seek to be recommended as fit to bear Her Majesty's commission that he shall not below be the status of the schoolboy. First, it is propounded that he "should be able to read and write"! In arithmetic "he should be acquainted with the first four rules," &c.,—in languages "he should be able to translate some Latin author into English." The italics marking the conditional character of these demands are ours. But "he will be required,"—the conditional is now abandoned,—"to construe an extract from a French work into English." In regard to history "he should"—again the conditional—"have read Hume's *History of England*, with Smollett's *Continuation*, a history of Rome and Greece (!) and a history of modern Europe." In the department of geography, he must know the names of the capitals of each nation in Europe—and the chief rivers, sea-ports and military posts in Great Britain and Ireland. He must also have "read some easy work" on fortification, and have had some "instruction in drawing." This is the amount of raised qualification for wearing the scarlet. The soldier is yet but a little way removed intellectually, it would seem, from those good old times when reading and writing were treason—when gentlemen left such arts to their menials, and barons bold were content to sign with their cross! We have made, we see, one omission—which is worth noting as a comment on scales of education at the Horse Guards. "If not master of the Latin grammar, and he should not have received a good classical education" (!) says one of these ordinances, he must in lieu thereof thoroughly understand the French or German

grammar. We do not know what grammar is meant by the French or German:—and we should have thought that "having received a good classical education" included being "master of the Latin Grammar."—Need we wonder that a Board which sends out an "order" like this, should think it no light thing to be able to "read and write correctly"? Appended to the instruction is a list of school books: not a list of works which *must* be read, but which "are said to be likely to facilitate the studies of candidates" if candidates should think proper to look into them.

Copies of the Montrose papers—to the sale of which a few weeks back at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's we called attention at the time—have been given by the several purchasers to Mr. Mark Napier; and will form part of the second volume of the "Memorials of Montrose and his Times," to be printed at the expense of the Maitland Club at Glasgow. We notice this appropriate liberality on the part of the purchasers, to record a change which has come over collectors generally within a very short time. It was the custom formerly with too many collectors to deny every application from literary men,—and even to make stipulations with dealers that they would buy such and such letters on the express condition that they were not to tell to whom they had sold them. Many interesting letters have been sold on these conditions,—and are now as if they had never been. We have heard of more than one of Goldsmith's being purchased on such illiberal and dog-in-the-manger terms.

A complete printed copy of the "Life of Oliver Goldsmith" by Mr. Washington Irving was brought to London by the last mail from New York. The work will appear simultaneously in America and in this country:—but the name of the London publisher is, we believe, as yet unknown. Mr. Irving had made collections for a life of Goldsmith from a very early period of his literary career; and his work, as now completed, will not, it is said, interfere with Mr. Prior's two octavo volumes or with Mr. Forster's more recent publication on the same subject. It is not, we understand, in the discovery of new facts about Goldsmith that the value of Mr. Washington Irving's labours will be found to consist; but, as in Mr. Forster's case, in the skilful arrangement of the known circumstances of the poet's life—his deductions from these circumstances—and that intimate knowledge of the literature and literary men of Goldsmith's period without which a mere enumeration of facts is as dry as a seedsman's catalogue.

A correspondent writes to us to complain of a method that has come under his observation by which the ancient documents of the land—if the papers to which he refers be, as he supposes, of such a nature—are in danger of perishing piece-meal. Passing through the cloisters of Westminster Abbey on two several occasions, with an interval of a week, he was attracted by a noise which resembled the beating of carpets; and found that it proceeded from the dashing of old papers and parchments—which the men employed on the work informed him came from the Chapter House—against the stone seat by which the cloisters are surrounded, for the purpose of freeing them from their accumulated dust. One result of this process of cleaning was, that the men left behind them many scattered fragments both of parchment and of paper which they had beaten off. "Now," says our correspondent, "whether the documents were or were not of value—a point to which I cannot speak—surely this was an improper mode of cleaning them. It was in fact destroying many of them. If they were of value, they ought to have been dusted with the utmost care. I confess that my indignation was aroused—knowing how much money is annually paid to keepers, deputy-keepers, clerks, &c.—to see our Records so unmercifully treated, in order that the gentlemen of the Chapter House should not be required to soil their delicate hands. I am not aware who is answerable: but what I complain of must have been ordered by somebody,—and that somebody ought to be made responsible."—We should add, that this complaint comes to us anonymously:—and that we give its substance for the sake of calling attention to it in the proper quarter in case the facts be as therein stated.

Among many deaths of the week, it falls within

our province to record those of Mr. Nattali, the well-known book-eller and publisher—and of Mr. Henry Colman, the American Agriculturist, whose book on the fashions of England it may be recollect recently passed through our hands.—A graver loss is that of Mr. Aston Key, the well-known and distinguished surgeon:—who is said to have died of the reigning epidemic.—The daily papers mention also the death of Mr. Clement Hoare, the author of a "Treatise on the Grape Vine."

As a step towards a more methodical and Hellenic system of colonization, we observe that Government has determined to send out with every convict ship going to Australia a company of out-pensioners—to settle on plots of land which will be given them to cultivate and defend. Besides the fact that this "order" indicates some return to a sense of the necessity of organization in our future attempts to colonize,—it also contains the germs of two other good things. It will tend to create in our colonies the habit of self-defence and self-reliance.—and, it will, when fully carried out, relieve the mother-country from the expense of keeping up such vast military establishments in our dependencies as she now maintains.

Another Society puts forth a claim to deal with the great anomaly of our civilization—the poverty and neglected condition of the lower orders. Its plan is bold and extensive, if not wise and novel. It proposes, with the assistance of Parliament, to achieve the self-support, constant employment, and independence of the working classes, the extinction of the poor-rates, and the gradual improvement and beneficial resumption of all the lands of the United Kingdom as the property of the nation at large, without infringing on the rights or interests of any of the present proprietors," &c. It intends to ask the House of Commons to pass a law compelling every working man to subscribe out of his present means towards forming a great national fund for carrying out the objects of the association. It is said, there are between five and six millions of working men in this country:—from these men it is proposed to raise nearly 5,500,000 per annum! A pound a piece! There is a boldness of speculation in such a scheme which is quite dazzling in these days, when even generals of division are expected to have some acquaintance with arithmetic and every shop-boy is on terms of intimacy with Cocker. In his wildest dream of levies, Fergus O'Connor was content with the idea of a penny from each working man: these dealers in improvement put his more circumscribed genius to the blush.—Having got their five millions—the odd half million they mark off as the cost of collection—they propose to deal with it thus:—they will seize upon 160,000 old men, and another 100,000 old women, and put them by force out of the labour-market; providing each of them, as compensation, with a pleasant cottage, &c., and respectively, according to sex, 20*l.* and 15*l.* a-year in money. We are not informed how the settlements are to be made; but it is proved beyond the reach of doubt that 100,000 times 20*l.* and 100,000 times 15*l.* make together a sum total of 3,500,000*l.* It is equally certain that if this amount be deducted from the first sum of five millions, a million and a half will still remain every year, wherewith to buy up all the land of the United Kingdom. We will not venture to deny it:—but we may refer the enthusiasts who dream of improving the condition of the labourer by these means to the well known aphorism of Mrs. Glasse. Its wisdom is so cogent, that we think until its preliminary condition be fulfilled we may be dispensed from arguing the other conditions of the scheme.

The Silbury Hill excavations, we are sorry to state, have come to a stop for want of funds. A tunnel has been carried to the centre of the mound, without a discovery. This is unfortunate:—but it should not damp the ardour of antiquaries. It would be a sad reflection on the Archaeological Institute, and the Wiltshire people, should the work be finally abandoned for want of a few pounds. The common tradition is that "a king of Kennet lies under Silbury Hill in a golden coffin." Another tradition represents him as buried on horseback, with all his military and personal decorations. Little reliance can, of course, be placed on any such legends:—which here, as very commonly, contradict each other. Yet they

are not altogether incredible. Popular traditions of chiefs in golden armour buried beneath tumuli have in two instances been verified:—the one at Ballyshannon in Ireland, the other at Mold in Flintshire. It is possible that something of the kind might be found in Silbury.

The subscriptions towards the fund for the erection and endowment of a new museum at Oxford are said to amount to between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.*—independently of Mr. Hope's and other collections of natural history, and of duplicates to be contributed from the British Museum and from various scientific institutions.

The Royal Welsh Eisteddfod has just been held at the ancient town of Aberffraw, in Anglesey,—Mr. O. J. Fuller Meyrick, of Bodorgan acting as president, and having about him "a grand assemblage of bards and minstrels." The grand prize was won by Mr. Norris Williams, the curate of Amlwch, for a poem on the Creation:—and he was, accordingly, duly installed in the bardic chair.

"There has never hitherto been any commemoration of Alfred," says a circular now before us: "neither does there exist a worthy memorial of him, other than that *monumentum ære perennius*—a name." The present year is the Thousandth anniversary of the birth of the great King,—and the parties issuing this circular conceive that now is a fitting time to wipe away the reproach. What form the Commemoration which they propose shall take will depend, it would seem, on the number of persons who may join in the celebration. A public dinner in some principal banqueting hall, to take place in October—between the 26th and 29th of which month it is believed that King Alfred was born—is already announced by advertisement. Wantage, the birth-place of the monarch, has been suggested as the scene of the commemoration if it shall get beyond the mere ordinary form of a public dinner; and in that case a revival of old English sports and games is proposed as one of the features. "In order that an interest in this National Jubilee may be excited amongst all classes, it is hoped that liberal donors will come forward and offer prizes for successful competition in the various English sports and games,—also, for productions of home and cottage manufacture,—also, for old age and good desert to some of the present poor in Wantage,—and for other objects worthy of specific praise at such a celebration. It is also hoped that a surplus fund may be raised towards erecting at Wantage a memorial to record the commemoration; and that a donation may be given to the Royal Literary Fund in the name of the Scholar-king."—The promoters of these objects wax eloquent in conclusion:—"The thousandth year of our Founder," say they "is passing away step by step, as hour by hour; let us catch its golden autumn-skirt ere it depart, and wrestle with its Angel for a blessing!—the blessing inestimable of national spirit well revived, —of true fraternity amongst all classes in our English family everywhere,—of a grateful retrospect towards "Alfred's well," the Heaven-blessed spring of so many of our mercies!"

M. Victor Hugo has been chosen president of the Peace Congress held during the present week in Paris.

That "fine property" the Falls of Niagara, respecting which our "Miscellanea" columns gossiped a fortnight since, has, according to advices from the West, received certain appurtenances of improvement which the old man of the "Falls" did not live to see completed. The suspension-bridge, first made on a small scale and only passable on foot, has been closed for some time with the view of so far increasing its capacity as to admit the passage of carriages. It is now re-opened. New cables have been added—a new floor has been laid down; and the entire structure is rendered so strong as to admit of burdens of two hundred and fifty tons weight passing over it. It is said to have been adopted as the point of crossing for the line of stages.—Another piece of intelligence connected with the material progress of the New World comes to us from the same region in the shape of an Act passed by the Parliament in Canada, sanctioning the long-talked-of project of a ship canal from the St. Lawrence river to Lake Champlain. Such a canal will be likely to revolutionize the commerce of all North America, and will probably do more to bind the Canadas to the United States than a thousand politi-

tical agitations. The grand canal which joins Lake Erie to the Hudson has extinguished, in a commercial sense, the Falls of Niagara: this new canal will make New York the outlet for all the trade of the North-west, as that had already made it the emporium of the West. But the advantages to Canada will be as great as to the United States. By these two canals vessels from all the great lakes above the Falls will be able to reach Whitehall without breaking bulk, the time of transit will be shortened by several days,—and the route will be open earlier and later in the year than that of the more frozen north. The engineering difficulties are said to be unusually trifling. The distance to be cut is only about twenty miles, and over a level country: and the fall from the St. Lawrence to the lake is only sixteen feet. Political jealousies have hitherto prevented the carrying into effect of a scheme so likely to benefit both countries.

We have received a letter from Mr. W. H. Black in reference to a paragraph which appeared in one of his writings exhibited some "of the original Records of the county palatine of Chester" in the course of a lecture delivered by him at the meeting in that city of the British Archaeological Association. The terms of Mr. Black's letter exclude it from our columns: but that shall not prevent his having the benefit of the defence—such as it is. Even this we find not very easy—in consequence of Mr. Black's dealing in certain equivocations which are unworthy of a good cause.

Let us premise, that we expressly stated that we found the subject of our complaint in the reports of the proceedings at Chester given "in the daily papers":—and these reports had received no contradiction from Mr. Black. Mr. Black now "denies that he made any exhibition of the public Records":—and proceeds in the next sentence to contradict himself, by saying that his "lecture on the records of the Palatinate of Chester was delivered in the Shire Hall, in the Castle of Chester, to a large and respectable audience, including the leading gentlemen of the county; and that place was chosen in order that he might have the opportunity of illustrating the lecture by reading passages from the original Records, as specimens of their contents and use. Certain Rolls were produced by the officer having charge of them, and handed one by one to him on the bench."—With our proposition, that the Records of the country "ought never to be withdrawn from their proper repository except for exhibition in a court of law," Mr. Black plays after the following fashion:—which will not give our readers a high idea of his candour. He says, that these Records were "neither 'handed about,' nor handed about, nor so much as touched by any but Record officers, and that too 'in a court of law,' the use of which was granted by the local authorities for the express purpose of his lecture." Whether will Mr. Black have this accepted as a quibble or as evidence of his ignorance of a phrase? The room in which he delivered his lecture is that in which the law courts when sitting in Chester are held:—was it a "court of law" when Mr. Black was lecturing? It is difficult to suppose a possible misapprehension as to the sense in which we used the words.—Mr. Black says it is not true of these Records "that the Government has spent money on their arrangement"—meaning the *particular* records on which he lectured. It is true that on the arrangement and conservation of the Records of the country generally Government has spent money—and that these form a part of the great body.—Mr. Black says, our "readers cannot fail to infer, from the paragraphs of which he complains, that the rolls used on this occasion were removed from London to Chester":—to which we reply, that we know not how they will get the inference.—To Mr. Black's assertion that "as to the evening lecture at which we say a curious record was exhibited by an Assistant Keeper," he had "nothing to do in any such matter"—we answer, that we never said, or insinuated, that he had.

We have now given all the parts of Mr. Black's letter which are material to the issues. We make no charge against Mr. Black, or any one else, of improper motives in these removals of the documents under their custody,—and we expressly said so in the paragraph which has made him so angry: but we

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report our protest—sanctioned by the losses that have been already sustained—against any such dealing with the national Records. As we said, "we have already had occasion to call attention to the frequent sales of documents which are undeniably public records, and never could have been lawfully in public hands;"—and "these sales are the result of the lax custody" of the predecessors of the present keepers in the same offices, however remote the time of their being.—Mr. Black says he had an express warrant from Lord Langdale to exhibit these ancient documents. We are sorry to hear it. Although the lecture was delivered in the County Hall, and although the Records exhibited to the multitude were *only* taken from an adjoining room, we still retain our opinion that it is improper to grant permission to any Assistant-Keeper to exhibit these sources of national history. We say to these Assistant-Keepers of the Records, that such exhibitions will not do, under *any* warrant. It is useless to fill the daily and weekly papers with lamentations about the peril to which the Records are exposed owing to the inflammable nature of the buildings in which some—and some of the most valuable—are now deposited, if they may be taken, say only from the *next* rooms, for any but an imperative purpose. We say again, that it is only for the due administration of law that they should ever be removed, in the hands of an Assistant-Keeper, or, of his clerk or clerks—even one and from their old and accustomed resting-places. What guarantee have we that the Records withdrawn for morning and evening lectures are returned as soon as the purposes of their exhibitors are served? This is not an idle question—nor one involving what Mr. Black is pleased to term calumny. The country pays some eleven thousand a-year for the proper custody of its ancient Records:—and has a right to see that they are guarded with the most scrupulous care.

BORAMA, REGENTS PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the VALLEY OF ROSENLAU, Bernese Oberland, with the effects of a Storm in the Alps; and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at FLORENCE, with all the gradation of Light and Shade, from Noonday to Midnight.—N.B. The Grand Organ, by Gray and Davison, will perform in these Pictures. Open from Ten till six.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—First Series of DISSOLVING VIEWS illustrating SCIENCE, with a Description of the various Experiments connected with them. Open daily at Half-past Four, and every Evening, except Saturdays, at Nine o'clock. LECTURE, by Mr. J. M. Ashley, at Half-past Three, and every Evening, except Saturdays, at Nine o'clock. LECTURE, by Dr. Bachofen, on HISTORIES OF ANCIENT CIVILISATIONS, &c. LECTURE, on ICE-AND WATERS, &c.—Exhibition of the CHIROMATROPE.—The HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE.—DIVER and DIVING BELL.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

ASTRONOMICAL.—June 8.—The Astronomer Royal in the chair.—J. A. Nicholls, Esq., and J. Nasmyth, Esq., were elected Fellows.—The Astronomer Royal gave an account of instruments for the measure of small zenith distances, usually called zenith sectors. There are three methods by which the position of the zenith is involved in the results of observation: the use of the plumb-line, the spirit-level, and reflexion from a natural plane, usually the surface of mercury. The first method was employed in the Greenwich zenith sector, made by Troughton for Pond, now dismounted; the second in Struve's prime-vertical transit instrument, which can be, and is used as a zenith sector for stars which pass south of the zenith; the third is to be applied in a new construction which Mr. Airy proposes to erect at Greenwich, under the name of the *Reflex Zenith Telescope*. In this instrument, an object-glass with its axis vertical, and a micrometer attached to its frame, is wholly independent of a trough of mercury placed under it at a little less than half its focal distance. A pencil of light proceeding from a star near the zenith will, after passing downwards through the lens, be reflected upwards from the mercury, and after passing a second time through the lens, will form an image, at a distance from the axis of the object-glass which depends entirely on the star's zenith distance. The measurement of the double distance by two observations, between which the lens and its frame are turned half-round, will be made to give the means of deducing the zenith distance. Mr. Airy described and commented on the three constructions at length. Observations were communicated of Metis, Flora,

Iris, Hebe, Neptune, *Hygeia* (whom we introduce to our readers as the new planet discovered by De Gasparis; so named, no doubt, as having been discovered during the prevalence of cholera), Goujon's comet, and Schweitzer's comet.—Communications were read on the orbits of double stars, by M. Yvon Villarceau—on the mass of Neptune, by Mr. Hind (who makes it one 1790th of the Sun)—on the first comet of Brorsen, by Mr. Hind—account of the results of decisive improvements in his mode of figuring specula, by Mr. Lassell—suspicions of a revolution of the fourth satellite of Jupiter, by Mr. Lassell—on an improved compensation balance, by Mr. Hartrap—description of a small transit-room, by Mr. Dell—suggestions on eye-pieces, by the Rev. J. B. Read—account of certain solar spots, by Capt. Hardy—specimens of cast iron chilled in the cooling, in illustration of the mode adopted for the pivots of the Greenwich transit instrument, by Mr. May.

It was also announced, that the two small inequalities in the moon's latitude and longitude, severally depending on the moon's longitude and the longitude of the node, have been shown by Hansen to be necessary consequences of the law of gravitation. The existence of these inequalities was detected in the results of the recent reduction of the old stock of Greenwich lunar observations.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Cartoons in Outline illustrative of the Gospels. With illuminated text. Designed and etched by Eugenio Latilla, Florence.

The author of this publication is an artist of no mean talents. The pictures by him which from time to time are seen on the walls of our exhibitions attest at once his industry and the range of his ambition. But essaying differences of style and differences of period, the artist is likely to become diffuse in his practice. Want of directness of aim ends too often in vagueness and want of character; and a long career of such examination as residence in foreign parts is apt to induce frequently terminates in producing rather the artistic archæologist than the successful painter. Against such results we must caution Mr. Latilla. Let not his admiration of great originals, marking the progression of art development, end in revivals of their dead letter.—Of Mr. Latilla's work itself there is little to be said. The title-page and the illumination speak of the age of Giotto. They who are conversant with that artist's several works at Florence, at Naples, at Padua, &c., will readily perceive the inspirations of the present work. The cartoon of 'The Annunciation' has none of that simple severity and earnestness of purpose which constitute so remarkable a feature of its prototypes in the "Arena" or in Asisi, or at Ravenna. There is obviously a struggle with foregone conclusion; and the painter, while he betrays the disguise in which he has sought to address us, has missed and sacrificed the purity and the *auvètè* which elevated the humble tender of sleep of Vespiagno into the regenerator of modern Art in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The Art of Etching on Copper. By Alfred Ashley. This is a very interesting little publication, containing instructions on the use of the etching-needle, grounds, biting liquids, &c. It takes its origin, the preface informs us, in the prevailing fashion for ladies, from the Sovereign downwards, to amuse themselves in the occupation of etching. The author has defined the processes with much clearness. The etchings which accompany his observations possess great merit. They are in a variety of styles; and comprehend landscape, marine subject, and figures:—many executed with much beauty. The trees in the frontispiece are touched with great spirit:—so are the pollard willows in Plate III. The ruins in Plate V. are effective. The second subject in Plate VII. is very elegant:—the distance in Plate IX. excellent. The anatomy of the trees in Plate X. is given with great feeling and care:—and a very effective subject of landscape and animals is Plate XII.

The Battle of Waterloo. Painted by George Jones, R.A. Engraved by J. T. Willmore. Mr. Willmore, better known as an engraver of land-

scape scenery, in which he has established a reputation by the admirable versions which he has made of many of the most poetical conceptions of Turner, appears here in the fulness of his power. He has proved himself equal to the transcription of human as well as of vegetable forms; and although the figures here are but on a small scale, they suffer no loss of the character of the individuals represented. Of the picture—which is well-known as an ornament of the Senior United Service Club—we noticed Mr. Jones's excellent sketch when sold among Mr. Vernon's effects at his house in Pall Mall. The present print is an excellent remembrance of both sketch and picture—and will scarcely fail to be popular.

The Wilkie Gallery. No. 14.

The fourteenth number of Mr. Virtue's publication of this series gives a small copy of the 'Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Account of the Battle of Waterloo.' This, considering the multiplicity of its details, is fairly rendered; but the printing of the distance is so black as to be quite destructive of gradation. The 'Three Greek Sisters at Therapia'—a portrait combination made on the painter's last and fatal journey—does not exhibit his style well. The 'Guerrilla taking leave of his Confessor' gives a good idea of one of the subjects which on his return from Spain the painter was commanded to execute for George the Fourth—and describes in graphic language one of those characteristic scenes so eloquently put before us by Borrow. Priest, peasant, beggar, and mule are presented in all their *vraisemblance*.

Lithographic Portrait of Dr. Faraday. From a daguerreotype by M. Claudet.

Here is another proof, if such were wanting, of the unsatisfactory results of this mode of obtaining a likeness. M. Claudet, who has been as successful as any of his competitors, has not yet been able to avoid those severities of detail which give sternness to the aspect while they increase the apparent age of the sitter. The results of Fine Art are not to be attained by a *coup de main*:—by any species of *stereography*, or by mere mechanical agency. The operations of the mind, directed by art-knowledge and taste, are as essential to the correct reading of the human physiognomy as to the combinations of forms for historic illustration. The art of the portrait-painter is one of no mean difficulty:—implying not merely the rendering of actual forms, but, as we have before said, the reading of *habitual* character. Mechanical agency can at the best give only a moment's look; and that look is apt to be affected by circumstances of peculiarity of situation, in a room expressly fitted up for the favourable operation of light on the sitter's countenance,—so as to be something different from the average or habitual expression. Hence, in some degree, the severity of air and blackness of look so universally complained of. To the impatient, or to those who have no time to spare, or for getting at the portraits of children, the process is of considerable value:—and even in the arts of composition it may be rendered subsidiary. But the experience of some years has now shown that it cannot hope to realize those expressions of thought and character which proceed from the hand of the consummate artist.

Henry Brongham—is a lithographic drawing made by Mr. W. Besley from another daguerreotype portrait taken by M. Claudet—and is equally liable to the above remarks.

Alboni—a profile drawing by the same artist also from a daguerreotype by M. Claudet—is less so. There is less blackness—as there are fewer shadows in the face; and the form of the head being preserved more intact, the result is a transcript of more agreeable character. These works are, we perceive by the prospectus, specimens of a 'Science and Art Union': and in addition to the foregoing there have already been published portraits of Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Grove, Vice-president of the Royal Society, and Mr. W. Clift.

Portrait of Miss Glyn. Painted and Lithographed by John Palmer.

A drawing of the actress in true statuette pose, in the character of *Hermione*. Of its merits as a work of Art we can say but little.

Portrait of Lord George Bentinck. Painted by Samuel Lane, engraved by S. W. Reynolds.

Mr. Reynolds has here made a most successful translation of Mr. Lane's excellent likeness of this nobleman: but there is a certain want of refinement in the execution that speaks seemingly of haste. In these days, when the mezzotint art has been brought to such perfection and the eye is by its means so well instructed, we become impatient of any instance that does not up to come to the existing standard, or that discredits the powers of a style of engraving which more than any other may be said in its touch to be congenial with the painter's art.

Equestrian Picture of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Painted by Count d'Orsay, engraved by Henry Lemon.

A large engraving is here made in the line manner by an artist new to us—Mr. Lemon. It makes a showy print,—and the engraver has displayed a certain amount of talent in its manipulation. But with the evidence which he has given of skill in his art, it were to be wished he had had before him a picture more worthy of the time which he must have consumed upon it. Count D'Orsay has too many accomplishments to bring any of them to perfection.

Mazzini, the Roman Triumvir—is a wood-cut by Mr. Henry Vizetelly, executed with much delicacy. —We doubt, however, if the entire of the engraving has been delivered in the rough process of the cheap printing to which it has been submitted.

The Kafirs. Illustrated in a series of drawings by George French Angus.

The first number of this series—taken, as our readers know, from among the Amazulu, Amaponda, and Amakosa tribes—containing portraits of the Hottentot, Malyn, Fingo, and other races inhabiting Southern Africa, together with sketches of landscape scenery in the Zulu country, Natal, and the Cape Colony—has lately made its appearance. It fully sustains the anticipations which we had been led to form respecting it. The selection for the opening number has been a good one. There is, to begin, a capital view of 'Wynberg.' There are also,—a novel subject in 'Genadendal,' a Moravian missionary settlement in South Africa, the singularly uncomfortable look of whose huts would discline us to emigrate in that direction, reconciling us rather to any amount of inconvenience at home,—a couple of specimens of Malay boys, one a Creole, the other a native of Cape Town,—an excellent group of these young gentlemen learning to read the Koran under as patient a pedagogue as may be imagined,—a Hottentot woman and girl, a very clever woodcut, full of character and faithful to the ugliness of the persons represented,—and a pair of young Zulus in dancing costumes. The 'View of D'Urban, Port Natal,' interests as much from its general aspect as from the gigantic scale of its vegetation. The cactus figures here the size of an ordinary tree; and the fern's large branches yield shelter to other plants. The lovers of zoology are presented with specimens of the *Tragelaphus Angasi* (Gray),—and the new antelope from St. Lucia Bay, an animal striped zebra-fashion. Prefixed to the number is an excellent likeness, done in lithography by Baugniet, of the author.

REPORT OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

WHEN we set about seriously considering such results as are revealed to us in the recent return issued on the motion of Mr. Alderman Sidney—when we find that in the year 1848 we have received from France about fourteen times as much paper-hanging as we did in 1843, and more than six times as much printed cotton as in that year—the stern necessity of bringing our system of design in manufacture to some more practical conclusions than it has yet manifested is thrust upon us with peculiar force. When we know that in all the essential conditions of fabrication English cottons and English paper-hangings are at least equal, if not superior, to French goods—and that the importations, *ceteris paribus*, must be, and are, sold at higher prices than the home productions—the positive commercial value of Beauty is unmistakably demonstrated. It is now some twelve years since it was whispered about that in the matter of manufacture John Bull was going to "have a taste"—or at any rate to feign the "virtue if he had it not." Of course, he set about it

with his accustomed energy: spent plenty of money, made a considerable fuss, and was very active for awhile,—and then, tired with his over-exertions, he dropped asleep. The "infant School" of Design sank, like its parent, into a lethargy,—from which a series of convulsive starts on the part of different members of its corporation have at various times vainly endeavoured to arouse it. At length, however, there has been such buzzing in its ears, and so many people seem to have taken delight in continually treading on its toes, that it is absolutely beginning to rub its eyes, waken up, and querulously ask where it really is? As Novalis says, "when we dream that we dream, we are near wakening":—so, perhaps this extraordinary state of comparative animation may portend a real state of activity; not the feverish tossing and struggling of slumber disturbed,—but a healthy and continued series of exertions practically directed to some practical end.

It certainly does seem a curious problem why, when every circumstance has seemed to favour the institution of Schools of Design in this country—when we know that they were established by the highest power in the State to supply a publicly recognized want on the part of the community—when there has never been a period at which in their public declarations their managers have not seemed animated by the greatest sincerity and devotion towards conducting their operations to a successful end—when the State and the manufacturers have given their money, the masters their energies, and the students their attention—when among the lists of managers and masters we meet constantly with names of individuals occupying high positions in government, art, and letters,—it does, we say, seem a strange problem why all inquiries into the progress of the School have resulted in a uniform admission that it was not in a position to furnish the world of manufacture with what it was expressly created to supply—good, efficient, and properly educated *designers*. It certainly is not, to be sure, in the present milk-and-water Report that we shall find any resolution of this "crisis." We must mount higher up the stream, above the point where Parliamentary etiquette and the unwillingness to give personal offence to "powers that be" have thrown the veil of polite ambiguity over the ugly yet honest faces of Truth and Candour. It is in the Report originally proposed by Mr. Milner Gibson—a masterly digest of the spirit of the evidence—that the question is argued in a fair and temperate spirit.

When we digest these papers of the cloudiness of the *pros* and *cons* of tape-and-sealing-wax fiction, they develop to us pretty clearly, that throughout the whole course of the career of this sickly institution there has been a continued determination on the part of the Board of Trade to monopolize the executive as a body and at the same time to evade the responsibility as individuals. Thus, what was everybody's duty became nobody's; and the business department of the institution has been either neglected, or occasionally jerked about by a little violent activity at moments when perhaps it was beginning to adopt a little routine of its own as a substitute for really efficient superintendence.

Sometimes a revolution of classes has been prescribed as the remedy wanted,—sometimes an altogether fresh system of the division of labour in teaching: sometimes arabesques and the human figure have embodied the apparent objects of the School,—sometimes it has been suddenly determined to be very practical, and designs have been vehemently asked for at far too short a notice to get them,—sometimes high Art, lecturing, and Exhibitions of the results of emulation are to do everything: sometimes elementary instruction was urgently pushed forward,—while at other times it has been pushed into the corner. In fact, the system appears to have been—"all things by turns, but nothing long." The position of the Board of Trade latterly has been very much that of a man who, not knowing how to drive, has yet found himself obliged with a kicking horse to take a cart to market. Now, pulling one rein suddenly,—he is nearly carried into the ditch on the right-hand side: now, pulling both,—he is nearly upset on the left: now, pulling both,—the animal rears, or stops short: now, whipping,—the puzzled brute shies, or bolts:—so that at last he is fain to leave his poor horse to itself. The cart

then jogs on,—but at a very mild pace: and the idea strikes him that he shall never get to the end of his journey. He espies his master in the distance, storming because he does not get on faster; and finally, he jumps off his seat,—declares that he had the cart's fault—the horse's fault—the road's fault—anybody's fault but his. If the master be a really wise man, what does he do? He either takes the reins definitely into his own hands, or entrusts them to some one in whose ability he has full confidence,—and whom he tells, for his comfort, that if he does not arrive at the market within a given reasonable time he shall not be paid,—if he does, he shall be well paid. The cart goes on *then*.

Now, because we, in common with the present Committee, conceive that certainly it would be well to supersede the present management and to individualize responsibility, at the same time increasing individual freedom of action,—let it not be imagined that we would implicate persons when we condemn systems. To Messrs. Paynter, Richmond, Northcote, Sir Richard Westmacott, &c. the public have every reason to be personally grateful. They have given gratuitously time, thought, and labour of the most valuable kind: but the School has been of "their lives a thing apart,"—and we sincerely believe that it never can thrive until it shall have become the "whole existence" of its executive. We cannot just now afford space for a discussion of all the knotty points that seem to spring up as we run over this Report:—but we must find room for a series of spirited resolutions proposed by Mr. Moffatt, which escaped adoption by one vote only, and the merit of which the public may perhaps appreciate. On the 17th of July Mr. Moffatt proposed that—

1. Inasmuch as the several systems of management of the School of Design have been always under the absolute direction of the Board of Trade, and as the School has not realized the expectations of the country and Parliament, it is expedient that in future the Board should not be responsible; but that either the President or the Vice-President of the Board should be responsible individually and by name for the management of the School.

2. That there should be a paid officer to conduct the general business,—who should give his exclusive and undivided attention to the management.

3. That the head masters—who ought to possess high artistic ability—should be wholly responsible for the instruction in the School.

4. That it is indispensable that all the masters should be required to make ornamental designs, and exhibit them periodically,—and that the lectures of the head masters should be resummed.

5. That in order to secure competent inspection of the provincial schools, arrangements should be made as soon as practicable to cause each school to be inspected by some artist who has shown his ability to make ornamental designs for those special manufactures peculiar to the locality where the school is placed.

6. That whereas the country expends 10,000/- a-year on the Schools of Design for the purposes of instruction, it is absolutely necessary that proper measures be adopted to secure the permanent attendance of students.

7. That it is indispensable, as soon as possible, to establish systematic relations between the school and manufacturer, so that decorative manufactures in actual progress may be aided by the artistic knowledge in the school.

8. That the provincial schools ought to be forthwith supplied with more examples, suitable casts, designs, &c.

9. That there should be biennially annual public Exhibitions of the works of the students.

10. That the managers should make an annual report to the President or Vice-President of the Board of Trade, to be laid before Parliament.

11. That, provided the School were efficiently organized and conducted upon the principles laid down in the foregoing resolutions, your Committee consider that an increase on the present year, to the extent probably of 5,000/- a-year, would be requisite; and your Committee are of opinion that such increase would be sufficient to make the School useful to the manufacturers of this country, and worthy of the objects for which it was founded.

We may have to return to this subject more than once;—and meantime there will be varieties of opinion as to parts of the above scheme. But we offer it, for the present, as an example of the direction in which the particulars of this Parliamentary inquiry have led an intelligent man to look for safety and final success to the Schools of Design.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Her Majesty has, we understand, become the purchaser of a picture just completed by Mr. W. E. Frost. The subject—"The Disarming of Cupid"—is suggested by a sonnet of Shakspere's:—and is said to be one of the best works of this rising painter. The public will no doubt have an opportunity hereafter of judging of its merits for themselves.

Mr. Cope's fresco illustration of the subject of Wales.

This, together with the series of illustrations of Wales.

We are glad to learn that the past master has been tendered with the past views and the

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Opera,—and, as usual, may be described in two
paragraphs amusing in their inconsistency. Neither
theatre is said to have gained:—round about both are

Mr. Cope has, we are informed, just commenced his fresco illustration of 'The Spirit of Justice'—on the subject of Judge Gascoigne committing the Prince of Wales—in the vacant space in the House of Lords. This, together with Mr. MacLise's, will, we presume, be completed by the time when the House of Lords re-opens. Mr. Herbert has resumed working on his fresco of 'Lear disinheriting Cordelia'—one of the series of illustrations in the Poets' Chamber.

We are glad to learn that the Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings by the Chevalier Hildebrandt during the past month at Messrs. Colnaghi's has been attended with success. The drawings—for the most part views in and about the Island of Madeira, Lisbon, and the Tagus—are executed in a free and spirited manner; and demonstrate how successfully the continental artists are beginning to study the works of our own school in a department in which the latter undeniably takes the lead.

The good work of restoration is advancing at St. Mary, Redcliffe, with taste and caution on the part of Mr. Godwin, the architect employed—but with a most leaden kind of diligence on the part of the churchwardens and the citizens generally of Bristol. There is not a single particle of the building that is not in need of restoration—and St. Mary, Redcliffe is in size and character more like a cathedral than a parish church; while the work that is done is in point of bulk a mere nothing in the vast masonry of the building. At the Redcliffe pace, the completion of the work of restoration would be likely to extend over a century at the least; and this is the more to be regretted since there are parts of the building going so rapidly to decay that all traces of the particular details (in which so much beauty is often found to consist) will soon be entirely lost,—and a mere rude, but still picturesque, mass will be all that is left of what was once all harmony of proportion and of detail. St. Mary, Redcliffe, is built of a very soft stone; the moist climate of England and, yet more, the smoke of Bristol have done much to hasten the work of destruction. Let the citizens of Bristol set themselves with more heart and zeal to the pious work which they see before them. Let the architect imitate the good example of the architect and churchwardens of Sherborne, and clear his church of the unsightly pews which disfigure the proportions of the whole interior: or if this cannot be done, let him clear out a side at least, and exhibit the bases of his pillars,—and let people see what the church will be like when the restorations are completed. He will catch additional subscriptions, we are sure, in this way. That merchant prince of Bristol who does so much good, and is known only by his motto of "Nil Desperandum," is seeing his money well bestowed in the restoration of the beautiful north porch which he has undertaken to complete at his own expense. Let Mr. Godwin get on with Nil Desperandum's work. His own part is, as we have said, in excellent taste: and when the "Bristowes" shall see the porch completed, the wishes of the Canyng Society will, we trust, be carried out,—and within the life-time at least of the present architect.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW STRAND.—A new and original Comedietta was produced on Monday, entitled 'My First and Last Courtship.' It is a slight affair; in which Mr. Farren performs the part of a foolish old uncle, Sir Geoffrey Lambarde,—and Mr. H. Farren that of Posturey, his nephew, in love with one Beatrice (Mrs. Stirling). The vivacious lady and her lover undertake to make Sir Geoffrey ridiculous,—and thus to shame him out of an inconvenient attachment for the former.—The humour, such as it is, is entirely dependent on the acting.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC Gossip.—We must defer till next week some notice of Madame Viardot's *Zarina*: the last novelty of the Opera season,—which closed last night. "The reckoning when the banquet's o'er,"

The dreadful reckoning when men smile no more, (to continue the quotation) has arrived for both Opera,—and, as usual, may be described in two paragraphs amusing in their inconsistency. Neither theatre is said to have gained:—round about both are

busily flying rumours of promise for next year. The vitality which seems to reside in unprofitable theatrical speculations is a puzzle at which we shall never grow too old to wonder. We cannot be called upon for any recapitulation of the events of 1849,—so minutely have they been reported, in accordance with the increasing interest which the public takes in the matter. A few general remarks, however, are demanded. Every year brings the solution of the question—whether London can support two costly foreign Opera-houses—one year nearer: while the longer the struggle continues, the more certain does it appear that bad performances will not attract "the town." The locality elect for the *one good* Opera (if only one ultimately there is to be) is a matter of small consequence: to be decided rather by convenience of theatre than by caprice of audience. Those who cry that one Italian theatre is sufficient,—denouncing the second Opera-house as an interloper, and as such to be discredited,—totally forget the provocation on which it was founded:—because of the systematic and wilful deterioration of the first. London is indebted to Mr. Lumley's grasping policy for the settlement of the Italians in Covent Garden. To the reputation which the Haymarket Opera enjoyed previously to his entering upon the work of destruction may we ascribe the excellent completeness of the "opposition" establishment; since nothing short of a first-rate entertainment could have drawn the World of Fashion,—many of whose members have become co-proprietors with Mr. Lumley of *Her Majesty's Theatre*,—from their old haunt to an untried theatre, ten minutes further East! That miracle, however, has been at last fairly accomplished. A taste for highly-finished and splendid stage performances, implying choral power and orchestral brilliancy, has taken firm root among those who were held to care for nothing save this "*G*" or the other dancing acquaintance of "many Princes." Our aristocracy in England may have originated little good music during late years; but they have followed it, wherever it has been proved to exist, even to the *burgher* domain of Exeter Hall. '*Les Huguenots*' and '*Le Prophète*' have settled the question of the degree to which even Belgravia and May Fair may be won to dispense with the trite sickly melodies and undramatic *solo* displays thought indispensable to their pleasure. In some measure this increase of intelligence has reacted beneficially upon the elder theatre. Since the departure of Mdlle. Lind—for the enhancement of whose brightness every man, woman, and child was dwarfed and "kept down" (as the painters say)—the necessity for general evenness of cast has been forced upon Mr. Lumley. The days of *star-work* are virtually over: since it is hardly probable that a second artist will soon arrive, who, by the magic of certain captivating musical specialties and advertised virtues, shall be able to intoxicate the public by exhibition of her solitary self, in a limited repertory, so triumphantly as "the Swedish nightingale" has done. Nevertheless, each further season of rivalry, however profitable to the public, loads managers and managements with difficulties in "geometrical progression." It is not merely quantity of novelty which must be thought of—but quality. Though grand opera, which gives scope to grand actors, seems to be "the winning card,"—as we have again and again pointed out, it is one by no means easy to play. A wise foresight would even now be paving the way, by suitable engagements and preparations, for reviving the one or two little known elder works which might stand their ground in the midst of more exciting modern dramas and modern music:—it would be no less awake to the slightest indications promising a new composer to the world. But neither wisdom nor foresight are to be found in the spirits presiding over theatres. Most commonly are they snatched up too late; and thus wasted in impotent attempts to meet those wishes which should have been anticipated. Hence, though—thanks to the continuance of the contest—matters *must* in some measure right themselves and prospects improve, we have little hope that either an *Arcadia* for such critics as love "milk and honey,"—

on flowers alighting cease to hum,—
or a *California* for eager managers, will be found within the precincts of old or new Opera-house—at least next year!

Taken in context with the foregoing remarks, the success of our *Transpontine* attempt at grand French opera translated is a sign of great significance. By its drama—by its music—by its combinations, '*The Huguenots*' seems to have entirely captivated the audience of the *Surrey Theatre*. The principal parts are sustained by Miss Romer, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Poole, Mr. Travers, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Leffler; and the music has been "got up" under the superintendence of that clever composer Mr. E. Loder.

We advert to the commencement of a new musical periodical—'*The Euterpean*'—for the sake of the four quarterly prizes which it announces, each of "at least 10l."—the first, (to be competed for by the musical profession only,) for the best (*vocal?*) "Trio, Quartett, or Concerted piece"; the second, "for the best Ballad, Song," &c. (to be competed for by amateurs only); the third, "for the best one-act Farce and Interlude"; the fourth, "for the best Literary Essay on some subject connected with music and the drama,"—these two "open to all qualified subscribers."

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the world!

A charming parody of this opens M. Jules Janin's dramatic *feuilleton* of the 20th ult. "L'esprit humain se repose," says he, "quand se repose l'esprit Français." Whether this be a *real brilliant* or merely a *pasté* truth, certain it is that if, for the moment, European managers were to raise the chorus of "We're a' noddin'" (as they might) those of Paris must lead the yawn! Scarcely a sign of novelty is to be seen. M. Janin's flourish over the promotion of Madame Moreau-Santi to the duenna-ship vacated by Madame Desmousseaux at the *Théâtre Français* of itself proclaims the dearth of the time:—since, at no less famine-bitten period could such a piece of "small change" have commanded the notice of even a penny-a-liner. From other quarters we hear that M. Véron, the ex-manager of the *Académie*, is training every nerve to get the entire direction of the principal theatres of Paris into his hands.—It is rumoured that Madame Sontag is about to appear at the Italian Opera. So far as our knowledge of our neighbours is a guide, we cannot but feel this to be a hazardous undertaking for the lady. Small courtesy on the score of old friendship exists betwixt audience and artist in Paris. She will have to conquer her subjects anew:—and we hope she will. A chance for her favourable reception lies in the pique which the Parisian *cognoscenti* are said to entertain against Mdlle. Lind, for her determination not to solicit their "most sweet voices." Madame Grisi and Signor Mario winter in St. Petersburg; and the lady's determination to leave the stage seems adjourned—since we hear already the operas in which she may possibly sing next spring at Covent Garden canvassed.—Further, we are told that the *Grand Opéra* (of whose revolutionized name the French seem unaffectedly weary) is to re-open, on the 3rd of September, with a new *ballet* by M. Perrot, —that Madame Castellan and M. Levasseur are about to leave that theatre,—that Madame Ugadelle-Baué has been singing *Haydée's* part at the *Opéra Comique*,—and that the Assembly (or to speak more precisely, the aristocratic, *not* the democratic, side thereof) has negatived the proposition of an extra subsidy to the theatres.—Italian Opera seems to be gaining ground in Spain; and, wherever singers cultivate a soil, composers should "spring." Will the Peninsula give us nothing in the shape of music?

Among the late news from America is the death of Signor de Begnis—by cholera. A score of years since he was popular in England as a singer who commanded a vein of Italian farce sufficiently whimsical, impudent and volatile. His patter (to use the green-room vocabulary) in such songs as Fioravanti's "Amor perche mi pizzichi"—was unrivalled in fluency and neatness. Owing to the change which has passed over Italian opera, this bids fair to be a lost accomplishment:—we know not that it is one much to be regretted. As an actor, Signor de Begnis was mercurial and audacious—but somewhat coarse. That much higher thing the comedy of Signor Lablache (who in his early days disdained the buffooneries to which he has recently condescended) to a certain degree extinguished the popularity of Signor de Begnis:—and, of late years, he has been

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one of the nomadic artists who are attached to no regular company and pursue no regular occupation.

To give sufficient time for rehearsal, the production at Sadler's Wells of Shakespeare's tragedy of 'Antony and Cleopatra' is deferred till Monday week. Tonight, the theatre opens—with 'The Tempest.'—It is now understood that Mr. Macready will take leave of the stage, at the Haymarket Theatre—by commencing and closing Mr. Webster's season for 1849 50. During the interval betwixt his engagements Mr. and Mrs. Kean will appear.

MISCELLANEA

Extraordinary Combat.—Captain Rochfort, of the British and Irish Company's screw-vessel *Rose*, arrived at Dublin lately from London, and reported having on his passage fallen in with a whale of large dimensions, on a Sunday morning at 2 o'clock, 7 miles south-west of the Lizard. This monster of the deep was suffering severely at the time in an encounter with two well-known enemies of his tribe—a sword-fish and a thresher. These formidable creatures generally go together through the waters, and are reputed to be joined in a league of unrelenting enmity against the cetaceous animals. Captain Rochfort and the crew saw the combat for about three-quarters of an hour, but being obliged to continue their voyage homewards, they had to forego witnessing the struggle to its close. Of the whale's being eventually worsted in the affray there was no doubt whatever. The sword-fish was seen once driving his tremendous weapon into the belly of his victim, as he turned on his side in agony. The thresher fastened on his back and gave him terrific blows, which were heard at a distance with great distinctness. The latter not having any power to strike in the water, it was the instinctive policy of the sword-fish to make the attack from below; this causing the whale to rise above the surface, which he did at times to a remarkable height, the other assailant, who was about 20 feet long, then dealt out his blows unsparingly with all the force of his lengthy frame. Between them their victim must have suffered extremely; he spouted blood to an immense height, and crimsoned the sea all around to a considerable distance. Being within 200 yards of the ship, to which the whale appeared to make for protection, the conflict was distinctly visible to all on board. It is considered unusual for marine animals such as were engaged in the struggle now narrated, to be seen in such a latitude. But this point must be settled by naturalists.—*Dublin Mail.*

point must be settled by naturalists. *Davidson's List.*
Mr. Cunningham's *Hanl-Book for London*.—In the *Athenaeum* for June 30, p. 668, you say that Mr. Cunningham has set at rest the long disputed question, who was the writer of the well-known couplet—

For he that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.—
and that it is to be found in the *Musarum Deliciae* of Sir John
Menne, and James Smith. An additional obligation would be
conferred upon those who feel an interest in such specula-
tions, if he had favoured us with a reference to the volume
and page of the Deliciae, according to the last edition, where
this compleat is to be found. I have looked through the two
volumes, I thought with some care, but have been unfortu-
nate enough to overlook it. Perhaps either he or you will
have the kindness to afford this reference. I am, &c. D.
* * Perhaps Mr. Cunningham will reply to our
correspondent's question—and set the point in dis-
pute at rest.

The Widow of Milton.—At the recent meeting of the British Archaeological Society, the Rev. Dr. Marsden, of Nantwich, read a short paper containing particulars concerning the widow of Milton, who survived her husband fifty-two years, and was buried at Nantwich, in the county of Chester. She was the daughter of Edward Minshall, Esq., of Stoke, situated three miles from that town. Milton, at the time of this his third marriage, was fifty-three years of age, and this lady married him when "blind and infirm," and appears to have died in 1730. "Although no monument," observed Mr. Marsden, "marks the spot where her remains rest, yet the constant tradition of the religious society with which she was connected has preserved the knowledge of its locality. The burial-ground of the Baptists in Nantwich is a small fore-court, contiguous to the ancient and now dilapidated meeting-house in Barker Street, inclosed within a wall and gates. The grave is situated immediately on the left hand of the entrance, having the head against the wall and the side against a grave covered with a ledger grave-stone. It was during the period

of the poet's marriage life with this lady, that he dictated the remarkable work which lay buried in MS. for more than a century and a half, till it was brought to light by the researches of Mr. Lemon, in the Old State Paper Office.—*Inquirer.*

A Street Paved with Gold.—The San Francisco correspondent of a New York paper, gives the following story.—We had a very interesting gold fever on a small scale a few days since, in our very midst. It seems that some keen-eyed genius, in travelling through one of the streets, saw lying on the ground a piece of gold. Stooping to pick it up he observed some more; and as he still continued at his occupation, all the greenhorns soon gathered around him. In half an hour the whole street was lined with gold seekers, and strange to say, all were finding some. Yes, there lay the "yellow mica" scattered in our very streets. The eager crowd soon attracted the attention of our citizens, and a variety of opinions were, as is usual in such cases, expressed. Many became quite enthusiastic; declared that San Francisco was resting on a gold mine, and threatened to bring pick-axe and shovel, and dig, to the great detriment of the public streets. One man actually did so, but after wheeling his dirt and finding nothing in it, gave it up. The knowing ones soon solved the mystery. The fine particles of gold can be found in every street, and are the sweepings of the stores where gold is taken in exchange for goods. The excitement has died away, and the town has assumed its usual quiet, if there is any such thing as quiet in San Francisco.

Phonetics.—As “Epimocites,” a correspondent in your paper of July 20th, which has just been put into my hands, makes some misstatements with regard to the scheme of Phonetics with which my name is associated, I hope you will allow me to occupy a few lines in correcting them. To begin with the last, he complains that the pronunciation of *Jelachick* exhibited in the *Phonetic News* is not “orthodox.” That pronunciation was obtained from a German, who is conversant with many languages, and having been present in Vienna when the Ban was there last year, made himself master of the pronunciation from Croatian authority. The Croatian orthography is *Jelacice*; the *Jel* is pronounced as our word *yell*, and has the accent; *a* is long, as in *father*, but is not accented; *ch* has the sound of *ch* in *cheese*, and *ic* is pronounced as our word *itch*. This pronunciation may not be “orthodox,” but it is correctly *Croatian*. “Epimocites” objects on the score of etymology; but Dr. Latham has already in your own paper of February 17th shown that such an objection has no foundation in fact. By furnishing the etymologist with an instrument which he wants even more than the uneducated *Finn* student, Dr. Latham’s labours (often most clumsily) to supply us evidence instead of regarding the progress of an important science which has all our sympathies. Besides, as we neither could nor would be able to do the same, whatever advantage it affords would still be attainable; but no spelling can be of any use to the etymologist, unless it refers to pronunciation, or goes

to the etymologist, unless it refers to pronunciation, present or past. The values of the phonetic letters cannot be taught by oral instruction, as they are written symbols of compound sounds, and, but symbols with determinate values are of great service in fixing sounds in the memory,—and phonetic habits render the appreciation of new sounds comparatively easy. We do not attempt any, even the slightest, change in the English language; but we believe that the habit of considering how you pronounce engenders by the necessity of symbolizing your pronunciation will bring about a standard of pronunciation much more readily and certainly than the present standard of spelling (such as it is) has produced. As a writer (Dr. Latham?) in the *Prospectus & Review* for this month observes, "There is only one valid objection against phonetic spelling, and that is the existence of a *non-phonetic system*;" and this objection is controverted by a fact thoroughly established by experience, that our phonetic system puts those who learn it in a position to acquire the non-phonetic system by a process which when compared with the ordinary plans of teaching to read is a marvel of ease and rapidity,—so that the introduction of phonetic books would, and does, tend to render more easily accessible. This is the result of experience opposed to the theories of 'Epaimonotes.' I am, &c. ALEXANDER J. ELIS,

American Territory.—The United States Commissioner of the General Land-office has made his report regarding that part of the territory not yet formed into States. He shows that in surface it will make 46 such states as Pennsylvania, each containing 23,000,000 acres. Should such a division ever take place, 35 of these would be free States, according to the proposed Missouri compromise line, which marks the parallel of 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of latitude as the limit north of which no slavery shall exist; or, should Oregon, California, and New Mexico separate themselves, leaving the Rocky Mountains as the division between the Atlantic and Pacific States, the Atlantic Union would contain 57, and the Pacific Union 19 separate States, each of the latter being the same size as Pennsylvania, or about four times as large as

the kingdom of Holland.—*New York Correspondent.* CUMMING.
of 'The Times.'

Hoisting Apparatus at Britannia Bridge.—The lifting of the tube lately laid down at the piers has probably by this time begun. The Bramah's Hydraulic presses, by the power of which this work is to be done, are noble instruments. The largest has a cylinder 11 inches thick, with a piston or ram 20 inches in diameter, and the lift a span of 6 feet. The weight of the cylinder is 16 tons, of the whole machine 40 tons. This one alone has power enough to lift the whole,—a weight, it is estimated, equivalent to that of 30,000 men. It would spend the water pressed into its cylinder to a height of nearly 20,000 feet, according to Mr. Clark, or more than five times the height of Snowdon, or 5,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc. And yet any one man can "put a hook into the nose of (this) Leviathan," and, alone with him, with the utmost facility and precision guide and control his stupendous action. There are two of smaller power, with rams 18 inches in diameter. These are placed side by side on the Britannia Tower, and act in conjunction with the larger, which stands at the same level on a tower adjoining. The chains descending to the tube below are like those of an ordinary suspension bridge, in eight and nine links alternately. The weight of one of these alone is about 100 tons, or more than that great "lift," the Duke's statue, at Hyde Park Corner. They are attached to the rams by iron yokes, or cross heads, of great thickness. The two chains pass through square holes at each end, and are gripped at the top by clamps or cheeks, of wrought iron, screwed like a vice. At the lower end the chains are attached to the tube, or rather to lifting frames within its extremities, by three sets of massive cast-iron beams crossing one above another, and secured by wrought iron straps, passing over the upper pair, and descending into the bottom cells, where they are keyed. The ends of the chains fit under deep shoulders or notches in the lifting frames, where they are secured by screw bolts. These lifting frames and beams add other 200 tons to the weight to be lifted. As the tube rises, it is to be wedged till the masonry is filled in every lift of six feet.—*Builder.*

Roman Remains at Colchester.—In the course of the excavations that have recently been made in the premises now occupied by G. W. Bradnack, St. Mary's, Lexden Road, two beautifully perfect sepulchral urns were discovered; but the workman who came upon them, having probably never made the acquaintance of Sir Thomas Browne, shattered them both by a most unarchaeological dab of the spade. Close by the urns were found the skeletons of a man and turned up; one bearing as its inscription the word "Viducus;" another, "Omri;" and a third decorated with the figure of a tiger rampant in very bold relief.—*Times*.

To Correspondents.—E. O.—E. F.—H.—J. M'C.—C. C. L.—E. G.—F. W. H.—D.—Pendennis—W. E.—W. W. F.—received.

H. S.—We cannot answer the question of this correspondent.

ISLAM.—We cannot undertake to decide on the question submitted by this correspondent. The opinion, if given, could only be our own:—it would be necessary to collect the suffrages of the public for a sufficient answer.

MR. ALFRED BURT.—We have received a letter from this gentleman, complaining of our notice [*ante*, p. 706.] of his

work on 'Life Assurance'. Mr. Burt informs us, amongst other things, that our notice is very badly done. Few of those whose works are unfavourably noticed in any particular are inclined to praise our mode of performing our duty. We should have contented ourselves, therefore, merely acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Burt's letter, had it not been that the main part of his rebuke refers to quotations from which he avers that the context has been improperly omitted by us. This is a charge to which we attend—because the offence is one to which human imperfection is particularly liable. But we cannot, on revision, find that we have done him this wrong. For example, we noticed a wild assertion about "a mutual life assurance society, whose only property is the subscribed premium." Mr. Burt says, that if we had quoted further, we should have found that his remarks were practicable (what is a practicable remark?) and based on experience. We render, at his desire,—and find it stated that the paid capital is joint security with the premiums. If the paid capital be of the Tigg Montague kind, it will be of no use; but if it be of a more solid character, then subscribed premiums are not the only property of the society.—We infer, then, that a practicable remark is one which has a hole in it large enough to admit the horn of a dilemma.

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